ROOT AND HIS TROUBLES—By David Graham Phillips

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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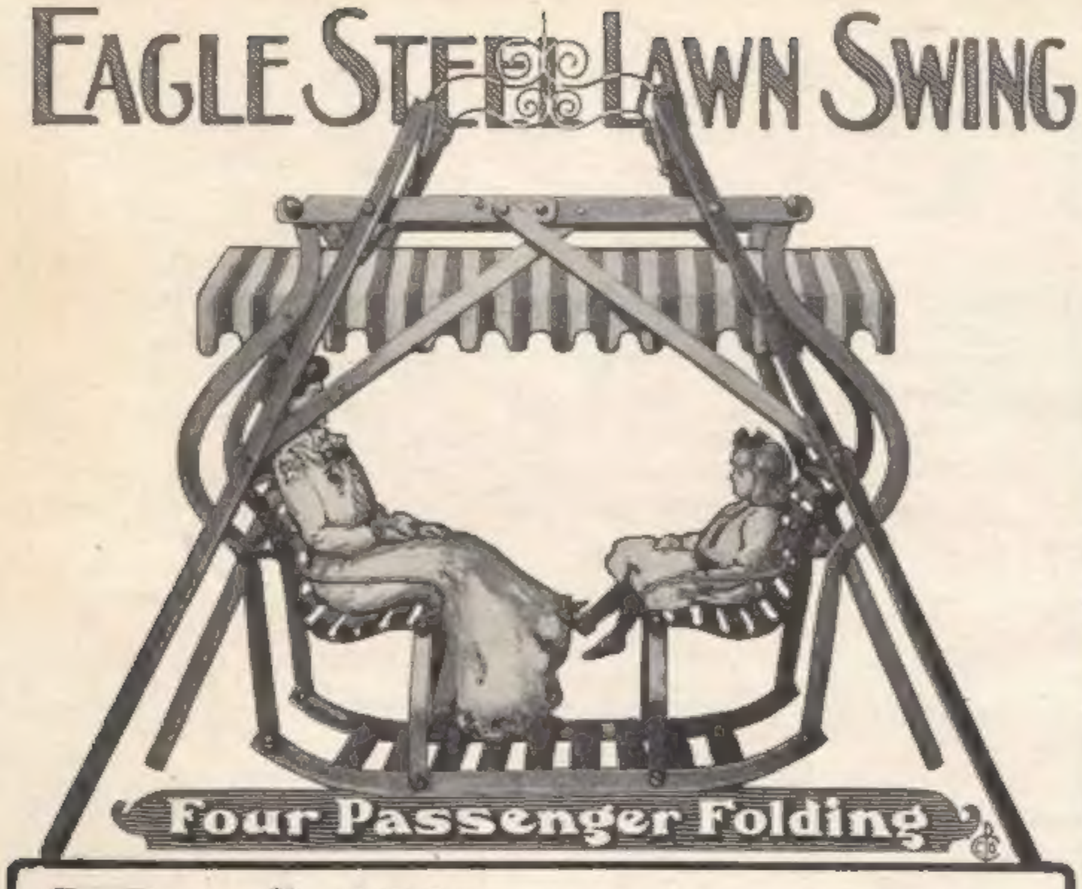

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ROOT AND HIS TROUBLES

By David Graham Phillips

FOR nearly three years the Root-Miles storm has been gathering. Soon after the death of President McKinley it escaped from the War Department to which his firm hand had confined it, and began to run wild. It is now raging and roaring through the Capitol, strewing the chambers and committee-rooms of both branches of the Congress with melancholy wrecks of political calculations. And it will presently be careening through the country where the storm signals in warning of its approach have long been flying. What is the origin of this huge and menacing emanation from the War Department bottle?

There are four Commanders-in-Chief of the United States Army. First, there is the Constitutional commander, President Roosevelt. But he is overwhelmed with business and leaves any and all of his functions of which he can rightly rid himself to the members of his Cabinet. Second, there is the Secretary of War, Mr. Root. The President trusts him implicitly, and, therefore, his word in War Department matters is final whenever he chooses to make it so. Third, there is Adjutant-General Henry C. Corbin. He is Mr. Root's intimate and heeded military adviser. He is smooth, able, a military organizer of the highest order, a practiced courtier-politician conceded to be the best in Washington. Fourth, and finally, there is Lieutenant-General Miles, the "General-in-Command" of the Army, a brilliant field officer, none braver or swifter than he in the execution of orders, but not regarded by either the present or the late Administration as a good organizer. The confusions produced by this division of supreme command are intricate, often absurd, sometimes tragic. As the President usually sustains Mr. Root, and as Adjutant-General Corbin owes all his authority to Mr. Root, he is one of the figures at the centre of these confusions, and Lieutenant-General Miles is the other. Thus the Root-Miles feud is inevitable, incurable, incessant.

How came this monster of a feud to escape? Who uncorked its War Department bottle which Mr. McKinley left carefully sealed? The answer must be—Elihu Root.

"On the highway of destiny," says Maeterlinck, "a man meets no one but himself." And as Mr. Root, with judgment ripened by fifty-seven years of a career that has been too distinguished not to have been difficult, looks upon the present storm, he must see that Maeterlinck's wisdom exactly fits his case.

To look at Mr. Root is to understand him. He is rather above the medium height, slender, erect, young for his years. No aging worries and passions have, until recently, disturbed his tranquil nature. He has a sallow skin, striking and, in some respects, handsome features, cold eyes, a cold mouth, a voice like a breath from the heatless interstellar spaces. That Senator was in error who, when asked to describe him, said: "There was a dinner at the White House to-night, and Root was ten minutes late. After he came the claret had to be iced to bring it back to the temperature of the room." Mr. Root neither absorbs nor gives heat. His sole function is to generate and supply light—the light from a singularly powerful and acute, if narrow, mind. He is an intellectual machine, and he values men only as they possess that which can be used to contribute to its efficiency. He found Corbin useful; he found Miles useless. "Mine is an electric-power machine," he said in effect; "Miles is gasoline. It is of no use to me—away with it."

He sought and got the place of Secretary of War in Mr. McKinley's Cabinet in July, 1899. Secretary Alger had just retired with the unhealed wounds of a not too successful encounter with General Miles. Root sought, and got, the place because for the first time in a generation there was an opportunity for a Secretary of War greatly to distinguish himself. The problems of a larger Army and of the policy of expansion called for a legal mind of the highest organizing capacity. Mr. Root had such a mind; Mr. McKinley, the Administration, needed it. Mr. Root put aside a law practice worth not less than a hundred thousand a year; Mr. McKinley put aside the misgivings which must have been aroused in him by a man of Mr. Root's utter lack of political training and tact. For none knew better than Mr. McKinley that of all the arts—the art of love, possibly, excepted—the political art is the most sentimental; and Mr. Root had, and has, no conception of sentiment as relating to affairs.

For almost a quarter of a century he had been a great corporation lawyer. The foremost men of finance and business had been coming to him to unravel intricate intellectual tangles. They had been cheerfully paying the large sums necessary to set in motion this admirable intellectual machine, and they had accepted its results without question. From his natural and congenial atmosphere of pure reason,

SECRETARY ROOT

of passion only for legal complexities and for delicate demarcations between the lawful and the unlawful, Mr. Root, at an age when habit is the man, found himself transferred to the atmosphere of public office—the atmosphere of conciliation and compromise, of patience, persuasion and publicity. A fish on land; an owl in the daylight.

Only once did Mr. Root's brilliant mind overpower Mr. McKinley's marvelous instinct for doing the right thing in the right way. It was in the matter of the Porto Rican tariff; and there Mr. McKinley soon repaired Mr. Root's initial error of method, and so succeeded in getting free trade with Porto Rico. Mr. Root would have failed to get it, would have alienated the Congress from the Executive Department, would have "split the party." For comparison, contrast the results in the Porto Rican instance with the lack of results in the Cuban tariff complications.

Because Mr. Root is no longer reviewed and revised by such a student of the political art as was Mr. McKinley we have the Root-Miles feud suddenly shot up into a national issue.

General Miles has been General-in-Command for some half-dozen years. Throughout the Spanish War Mr. McKinley had to steer, and did steer, a difficult course between not yielding his own conscientious judgment that General Miles was unequal to the peculiar tasks in hand and his high regard for General Miles as a man and as a fighting soldier. General Miles was not happy, but he remained quiescent, "more in sorrow than in anger." He "made trouble," but the trouble slowly smoothed away and he was consoled with the rank and pay of Lieutenant-General.

Unlike McKinley, Mr. Root could not consider the claims which justice and expediency made for General Miles through his magnificent fighting record and the people's grateful memory of it, and their admiration for him because he had so splendidly risen from the ranks. Mr. Root found General Miles' suggestions the reverse of valuable to his purposes. With the calmness with which he disregards the feelings of haughty Senators and nervous Representatives, he ignored General Miles. And he proceeded to make his plans for reorganizing the Army on what seemed to him the sound basis—which necessarily involved getting rid of the, from his standpoint, useless incumbent of the office of General-in-Command. And all the while he was daily offending the Congress and the people by ignoring them. He was competent to attend to the business for which he had accepted the Government's modest retainer of eight thousand a year; why should he permit the ignorant and the curious to pry, to criticise, to suggest? In his office in New York City he would not tolerate such impertinences; why tolerate them in his office in Washington?

The public break came on December 21 last—Mr. Root's letter of public censure to General Miles for expressing an opinion to a newspaper on the Schley controversy, an opinion traversing the findings of the majority of the court. That letter was a model of Mr. Root's calm, cold reasoning—and of his lack of appreciation of considerations of sentiment. It contained, among many vigorous sentences, this which will serve as a specimen of the tone of the whole: "You had no business in the controversy, and no right, holding the office you did, to express any opinion."

The only question which had presented itself to Mr. Root's severely logical mind was whether this legal subordinate of his had or had not violated the laws governing military men. But that question was all but lost sight of when the people took up the matter. Led on by those whom Mr. Root had offended through the manners bred of his narrow and imperfect training, the people rose in resentment for the old soldier who had fought his way from private to general by sheer gallantry in the service of his country. They showed plainly that they did not like the spectacle of such a man roughly rebuked in public, rebuked by a civilian who had led no armies, who had fought no battles, and who performed the public business well, indeed, but with a stealth and a secrecy that were odorous of the "public-be-damned" kind of corporation. Mr. Root went haughtily and logically on his way. Publicity was a force which he understood as little as he understood sentiment; therefore he despised and disregarded it—or was wholly unconscious of it and insensible to it.

There were two measures before the Congress in which he was profoundly interested—the Army Reorganization and

the Philippines Civil Government bills. The details of the one had been worked out chiefly by General Corbin, and of the other chiefly by Senator Lodge. But each was essentially the product of Mr. Root's master-brain and master-hand. They represented his solutions of the problems he had entered the Cabinet to solve—his bid for lasting public reputation.

As the Philippines bill was a party measure, Mr. Root concentrated upon the Army bill. But through his temperamental defects he had drawn it and proceeded to urge it upon the Congress along lines not calculated to conciliate those who believe in democratic armies, in the volunteer system, in the largest possible recognition of the value of the "thinking bayonet." He thought all of his problem was to construct a bill that would meet the requirements of the latest military science. He did not recognize that that was only half the problem, and by far the less difficult half. The bill met its inevitable fate in the Senate Committee on Military Affairs. If Mr. Root had taken the trouble to look up and reflect on the biographies of the eleven members of that committee as written by themselves for the Congressional Directory he would have known the event in advance. For he would have discovered these important biographical facts about them:

> Hawley, a Union general of volunteers; Proctor, a Union colonel of volunteers; Warren, a Union private of volunteers; Burrows, a Union officer of volunteers; Quarles, a Union private of volunteers; Scott, a Union private of volunteers; Foraker, a Union lieutenant of volunteers; Bate, a Mexican War volunteer and a Confederate major-general of volunteers; Cockrell, a Confederate major-general of volunteers; Pettus, a Mexican War volunteer and a Confederate brigadier-general of volunteers; Harris, a Confederate private of volunteers.

These preening products of the volunteer system were the men whom Mr. Root, by methods not tainted with such sentimentalities as persuasion and conciliation, invited to approve his plans for the most regular of regular armies and for legislating out of office a graduate from the ranks, General Miles—a comrade-in-arms of these reunited blues and grays! General Miles testified before the committee in fierce denunciation of the bill, and Mr. Root gave him the credit for being largely instrumental to its disaster. But if General Miles had not testified the event would have been the same.

And now some one hidden in the War Department flung a huge boomerang at General Miles. It was hinted to the newspaper correspondents that his attack on the Army bill was caused by irritation that certain advice of his about the Philippines had not been taken—advice so foolish that the whole country would have been laughing at him had not the War Department mercifully withheld it from the public. At once Representative Burleson, of Texas, forced through the House a demand for the document. It was promptly sent in and published. It proved to contain a plan for a humane and bloodless settlement of the war by sending committees of Porto Ricans and Cubans to tell the Filipinos of our generosity and by bringing out committees of Filipinos to see for themselves and report to their countrymen.

Mr. Root knew of two indorsements upon the Miles plan—his own and the President's, both rejecting it. But he did not know of a third which General Miles had written *after* the rejected plan was returned to him. In presenting his project, General Miles had referred to our three years' warfare in the Philippines as having "been conducted with marked severity." Mr. Root, in the course of his disapproving indorsement, had written:

> It is not the fact that the warfare in the Philippines has been conducted with marked severity; on the contrary, the warfare has been conducted with marked humanity and magnanimity on the part of the United States Army.

Before filing the rejected plan among his official papers General Miles had written upon it a long comment on Mr. Root's remarks. It contained this carefully-carelessly projecting fuse of a dynamite mine:

> It is proper to say that I had in mind such information as is conveyed in the letter of Governor William H. Taft addressed to the Honorable Secretary (Mr. Root), dated Washington, February 7, 1902, as well as other communications that have been referred to these headquarters or received by me.

This was the first intimation the Congress and the country had had that Mr. Root had been suppressing official reports. Instantly there was a demand that the suppressed "letter" and "other communications" be forthwith published. And it was impossible to disregard this demand. From the dusty pigeonholes of Mr. Root's department, out into the full light of day, came all the documents he had been hoarding with an instinct born of his training as a corporation lawyer. If he had made each report public at the time of its receipt there would still have been a stir. But, given out thus, in a mass, reluctantly and under compulsion, the suppressed reports caused a convulsion. The storm is still raging, with no sign of abatement over "water-cures," little girls shot down for failing to answer a sentry's challenge, children put to the sword, fire and rapine.

Mr. Root examined the situation calmly and coldly. He did not note or care for the "clamor of the populace." All that concerned him was: "Who is responsible for this leak of an official secret?" The answer lay upon the surface—General Miles. The next step in Mr. Root's logic was: "General Miles has been guilty of a grave breach of discipline. He must be punished; he must be retired." Straightway it was "semi-officially" announced that General Miles would be summarily retired.

But there were those in Washington who saw that, however satisfactory this settlement of the question might be in the realm of mathematical logic, it was in the realm of practical politics no settlement at all, but the reverse, a preposterous, fatal, suicidal aggravation. And a few Senators, full of years and political wisdom, waited upon Mr. Root's superior, the President. Before they retired to the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue the President had seen a great light which made the light of Mr. Root's pure reason look even as a pitchy darkness covering pitfalls of appalling depth.

General Miles is still General-in-Command of the Army and is not likely to be disturbed before his regular retirement—August 8, 1903. Mr. Root is still Secretary of War and is likely to remain indefinitely. It is doubtful whether he even now understands the forces that have been his undoing. It is not easy for a man of his training to convince himself of their existence; for, elemental and enormous though they are, they are of no more use to a corporation lawyer in his profession than are eyes to a mole.

Thus it appears that Mr. Root dug the pits for General Miles—not in malice, but in the regular course of what he conceived to be official duty. General Miles did not push Mr. Root into these pits of his own excavating. He fell in.

Both Mr. Root and General Miles are valuable men, useful to the Republic. And no one should be led into Mr. Root's error in estimating General Miles, and permit the weaknesses of these men to obscure their merits.

COLLEGE PRANKS

Old Grad. Tales of Freshman Days

AT A RECENT dinner of a society which numbers among its members many most distinguished names, the guest of honor, a professor of prominence in one of the better-known colleges, declared:

"No more perplexing, exasperating and truly impossible person to deal with than the college student exists. He pleads all the privileges and excuses of youth and claims all the dignities of manhood. He will skip the line of discipline with an agility to dizzy the fox that dizzied the little red hen, and the Irishman's flea is a tortoise compared to him. Town and gown rioter at Oxford of the last century, mad cap of the carnivals in the Sorbonne of mediæval Paris; old Cambridge or new Cambridge, Moscow or Madrid, he brings the same zest of life, the same prankish ingenuity and good-natured drollery. There are knaves at college as elsewhere in the world, but the scamps—well, you know we've made a phrase of them and call them 'lovable.' I remember hearing an officer of our Military Academy at West Point, a stern disciplinarian, tell with rare glee how his own boy—the rascal—having to fire the morning gun, fired with it the ramrod across the Hudson.

"What can we expect from such leniency? They see we can't help laughing at them behind our masks. They know that faculty members and officers of the corporation have been graduates, too, in their day. I can point to a professor of Greek in this college who still treasures a dog's-eared old Homer, on the back page of which is scrawled at large: 'Thank Heaven! I'll never have to open this again!'

"College pranks, I think, linger longest in the smaller colleges. There the rivalry of class with class is greater and the solidarity of the whole undergraduate body stronger. In the larger universities and the technical schools the elective system, with the consequent splitting up of classes and weakening of the class spirit, the growth of the outside dormitory and the increasing severity of the work, have shut out much of the old license. But while humanity is human—and while you graduates persist in such a perverse fondness for the follies of your youth—we shall still have proof that freshman ingenuity has not yet been utterly stamped out."

Such follies come in after life to have their excuse, when the law of compensation bears more heavily on us. No doubt, should his eye chance to fall on this paper, the worthy professor just quoted would be the first to read it. In the following group of interviews several men whose names are widely known have made confession of experiences which will find quick and sympathetic response in the hearts of readers who had their part in "college scrapes" before taking up the responsibilities and dignities of business and professional careers.

Affairs of honor in the American college are infrequent, but Honorable Luther Dearborn, of the Illinois Court of Claims, tells of a duel that had an unexpected ending.

The Famous Mock Duel at Racine College

At Racine College, in 1878, one of the upperclassmen had a little difficulty with a fellow-student; hard words were exchanged and the two almost came to blows. Several witnesses of this disagreement thought it would be a clever thing to write a challenge from "The Count," as we called one of the disputants, to Charles H. Williamson, the other party to the affair.

Williamson was a quiet, studious fellow and did not mix much with the boys, but was a bright man and stood high in his studies. On receiving the challenge he did just what we thought he would do—went directly to his closest friend, McLennigan, and asked what he should do. McLennigan, who had been posted in the affair, replied: "Williamson, there is only one thing you can do in honor, and that is to accept it."

"I don't care to have a fight with this man," returned Williamson. "Our differences have been trivial, and I do not want to fight him."

"That's true," responded his friend, "but you do not look upon it as he does. He comes of the best German blood, and holds that as a gentleman of honor you are bound to accept his challenge."

In the mean time we, of course, had gone to the Count and explained to him his part. He was to pretend to be fatally shot.

For fear that it might be noised about in the college the time was set for the next morning at six o'clock—a cold wintry morning—in the graveyard adjacent to the college grounds. I was chosen as the Count's second, and Howard Humphreys was chosen to bring the pistols, load them, and mark off the ground. When we met there was not a smile or a word that would have suggested to an observer that it was not an actual duel. The conditions were that the principals should stand twelve paces apart, back to back, and at the word "three" of the count they were to turn and fire. Williamson stood like a statue. He was a young man of striking and impressive appearance, with finely chiseled features and a massive head. As he stood waiting for the word I could see his chin tremble. Then his hand would go up to his face and press his chin into place again. His face was as white as snow, and it was easy to see that all his nerves were at the highest tension. Mr. Humphreys stood right in front of Williamson and showed him two "bulleted" cartridges and explained that he would only load the revolvers with one shot. But, of course, he had two blanks in his other hand and put them into the revolvers.

The principals stood apart and at the word "three" they turned and fired. Everything had gone strictly according to schedule up to that moment. Williamson, however, lifted his revolver at a sharp angle and fired high into the air. The other man's shirt was covered with blood, and he, of course, went ahead and played the rest of his part. For a second he stood and then staggered; the revolver dropped from his hand; he grasped his breast and made a very beautiful fall. We rushed up to him, tore open his vest and displayed the evidence that he had been mortally wounded. Williamson stepped forward a few paces and stood there like a man in a trance. He thought he had aimed too low or that his ball had struck the limb of a tree and glanced down. One of us turned to his second and said: "You'd better get your man off the ground as soon as possible." We had it arranged to put him on a train and send him to Chicago. He walked rapidly toward the college building and could not be found afterward.

How Williamson Came to be Lionized

By morning the students learned of the affair and were discussing it at the breakfast-table when Williamson entered the dining-room, his face still white and his head hanging down. Instantly the boys jumped upon their chairs and shouted and cheered like wild men. That was the first time the affair had suggested itself to Williamson in the light of a joke. He declared it was like waking up from a horrible dream. The result of the whole thing was that Williamson, while he had been almost unknown to the boys before, became the leader in the college. The nerve and courage he had shown and the noble way in which he carried himself made him immensely popular.

As a matter of fact it may have changed his whole life. At that time he was going to study for the ministry, but he went into business and became a daring and successful man

of affairs, and a political leader of high ideals and wide influence.

George Ade, the humorist and librettist, tells the following tales of the pranks which were played at Purdue, in the early eighties, when he was a student at that institution which has graduated so many well-known Indiana authors.

The Collapse of the Oxford Riot Relief

As with a play, so with a college joke: the effectiveness of the effort depends upon the skill with which the general scheme is carried out. One of the most artistic college enterprises with which I was ever associated has passed into the history of Purdue under the name of the Oxford Riot Relief. At that time, 1883, a man named Nelling was held in the jail of a neighboring town, charged with a brutal murder. The excitement was very intense in the community where the affair occurred, and vague rumors of a movement to lynch the prisoner occasionally came to the surface.

This situation appealed to the inventive genius of a young student known as Alphabet Lyons, who took certain friends into his confidence and engineered the affair to a successful finish. The commandant of the Purdue Cadets was one of the chief conspirators. He assembled the cadets and showed them a telegram purporting to be a message from the Governor. It stated that a mob of more than a thousand people were gathering about the jail at Oxford and that he relied upon the Purdue military organization to put down the riot; that they would leave for the scene of action by special train in an hour, and that they must be prepared to meet and vanquish a superior force determined upon vengeance.

Instantly the boys, who had joined the cadets in order to enjoy the splendors of the thirteen-dollar gray uniforms, were struck with terror. The sweat stood out upon their foreheads and their faces were white as sheets. This applied to most of them. But there were exceptions, however. Some of the boys who had not joined the cadets because they did not care for thirteen-dollar uniforms and dress parade, suddenly became eager to get into the organization, now that there seemed to be a chance for some actual fighting. Several of these insisted upon enlistment.

In sharp contrast to these were the young cadets who became suddenly and violently ill. There was more sickness inside that hour at Purdue than the old college ever saw before or has seen since. The resident physician was called in all directions.

Meantime the managers of the entertainment continued to keep things going by means of bulletins from the scene of the riot. These bulletins were handled with great skill and were decidedly convincing.

That night the college sent out a very heavy mail. Almost every cadet took time to write a letter to his mother and his sweetheart telling of the call to duty and saying good-by.

At last the company lined up on the campus and the commandant read the latest bulletin, which told of the increase of the mob and the certainty of a pitched battle when the brave cadets from Purdue arrived on the scene. Then the captain gave the order to march and the column started for the station, saluting him as he stood just outside the college gates. When they were a few rods down the road the captain shouted "Break ranks" and ran as fast as his legs would carry him.

It was well for him that the cadets could not realize, for a few moments, that the whole thing was a farce, as it gave him time to reach the hiding-place which had been made ready for him. The boys, and especially those who had enlisted for the purpose of getting into a real fight, were furious. If they had succeeded in finding the captain he would have had a real riot on his hands. But he made good his escape and kept in retirement until the storm passed. The young men who had been taken sick and those who had written brave letters to the Dear Ones at Home didn't fully recover from the shock during the term.

Strangely enough, some time afterward a mob did break into the Oxford jail and lynch the man who had furnished the basis for the hoax.

But the most hilarious outbreak at Purdue was in celebration of the birth of a daughter to one of the most popular professors, who had married the matron of the young women's department. Both the parents were very well liked, and when, at nine o'clock one evening, the news reached the dormitory, the result was something to be remembered. At once the gas in the whole building was extinguished by a means well known to students, and pandemonium reigned.

The doors were barricaded, and when the faculty member having authority over the dormitory came with the steward of the grounds and attempted to break in the doors with a sledge-hammer gallons of water were poured upon their heads. One of the professors engaged in the siege was comparatively a newcomer from the East and had his private room on the ground floor of a neighboring building. We dispatched a posse from a rear window, and while he was attempting to break into the dormitory the boys entered his room and removed every article of furniture to a little evergreen grove on the campus. There his bed was made up, his dressing-table neatly arranged and his clothes and hats hung on the branches of the evergreens. It took him a long time to carry his furniture and belongings back to his room, but the moonlight was bright and he was cheered with songs and remarks from a hundred or more students who took a personal interest in the proceedings.

Mr. Stanley Waterloo, the novelist and short-story writer, declares that the greatest college scrape which he ever

THE RETURN OF THE VICTORS

witnessed was a water battle between the sophomores and freshmen of the University of Michigan, in 1867.

There have been many historic battles between classes, but never a fight, so it now seems to me, that can compare in picturesqueness with that water carnival of '67, says Mr. Waterloo.

The Water Battle at Michigan

After a season of heavy and protracted rains the college grounds had become flooded. Between the Law and the Recitation buildings stretched a highway like a railroad grade. On both sides were ponds of water. One day about sixty sophomores started to cross this causeway at the same time that ninety freshmen entered on the walk at the other end. The big men of each class were in the lead and the two forces came together with a terrific impact. Instantly the men were thrown from the narrow walk and heaped up in the water, which was probably about two or three feet deep. Then the struggle became fierce, for the fighting-blood of both classes was up and the men were reckless under the excitement. It became a heroic hand-to-hand battle between men who were struggling to force each other under the water. I can compare the scene to nothing less than the antics of a shoal of young whales at play. It seems little short of marvelous to me that no lives were lost in that contest in which the sophomores—I regret to say it—were routed.

Mr. John Maynard Harlan (Princeton, '84), the recognized leader of the reform element in Chicago politics, makes the following entertaining confession of experiences which are delightfully characteristic of college life:

At Princeton, in the eighties, there was a well-defined tradition that the freshman class which allowed its days to pass without stealing the clapper from the bell in the tower of the famous building called "Old North" suffered a blot upon its name. Four of our class determined on a certain night to climb the belfry of Old North and bring down the clapper. It was three o'clock in the morning when we started out and the rain was pouring in torrents.

Three of us managed to raise a window and crawl into the building. There was no need to strike a match to get our bearings, for the first stroke of lightning showed that we were surrounded by a collection of human skeletons in various degrees of incompletion. The picture was a bit gruesome.

Slowly we groped our way through the building and up the steps which led to the roof. Thence we had to climb as best we could to where the great bell hung, and the only way to reach it was by "shinning" up the outside, some twenty or thirty feet, with only the slight foothold of occasional window caps and sills. Otherwise the surface was flat as a wall. But we were in our stocking feet and stuck to the outside of that belfry tower like bats. How we ever accomplished the ascent is more than I can tell.

Finally the man at the top reached the bell, unhooked the clapper and passed it down the "human chain." The descent was more difficult than the ascent; but by care we made it and reached the roof, from which we passed down through the building, without mishap, to where our guard stood watching. When, next day, the bell in Old North failed to sound, our fellow-freshmen were in high spirits. We had the clapper melted and cast into miniature clappers for class souvenirs. Of course, at the time our feat was being celebrated we felt well repaid for all the trouble of our daredevil escapade. But viewed in the sober light of later years it has seemed to me foolhardy and reckless. Certainly I shouldn't like to try it again.

Most of the purely comical escapades lose much of their absurdity in the telling and require the aid of eye and ear to be fully appreciated. One incident thoroughly typical of this kind of college prank I can never forget. My brother James, now Attorney-General of Porto Rico, will no doubt recall the incident even more distinctly than I, as he was one of the principals in the little pleasantry.

A certain member of the faculty had a very docile and well-trained cow which was as manageable in the halter as a horse. This fact attracted the attention of several freshmen who, one midnight, repaired to the pasture, secured the cow and led her to the dormitory. By much coaxing the animal was started up the stairway; then she balked. However, as the creature's forefeet were elevated she was not in position to kick, and consequently the boys inspired her to farther progress and higher attainments by twisting her tail. This method of urging was decidedly effective, and in the course of an hour the poor animal had accomplished three flights of stairs and was stabled on the fourth floor. In the morning those occupants of the dormitory who were not already aware of the presence of the latest recruit were astonished to hear, at an early hour, the mournful bellowings of the professor's cow echoing through the halls with strange and startling distinctness.

Instantly all the students in the building turned out and the terrified cow was surrounded by an applauding audience. Of course, the member of the faculty having charge of the building was summoned and took charge of proceedings. Though it had required but two students to get the cow up to the fourth floor, a derrick and a formidable posse of men were called into action to return the creature to the ground. The spectacle involved in that process was the most irresistibly ludicrous I have ever seen, and it was accompanied by the shouts and derision of scores of students who enjoyed it to the full. No description of that scene can more than remotely suggest its absurdity; but the recital of the incident will be justified if it recalls to the minds of readers other and kindred scenes which are within their own recollection.

A WOMAN'S WASHINGTON

By "The Congressman's Wife"

I WISH most fervently that all the world could see our statesmen and legislators at their spring pastimes. When the opening day of the baseball season comes around but once in a year, it is no wonder that every other man seen around the diamond is an official or a statesman, and that there is a serious thinning out of the ranks in the halls of legislation. Robert and Senator P—— have become imbued with this spirit of sport and know the percentage of every baseball player in the field, and have all the queer golf lingo at the tips of their tongues. I said to them the other day:

"What in the world are all you men in Congress who follow the little white ball on Sunday going to do about this bill that Senator Dillingham and Representative Allen have introduced in the Senate and House to protect the first day of the week? It says: 'Nor shall any public playing of football, baseball, or any other kind of playing, sports, pastimes or diversions disturbing the peace and quiet of the day be practiced by any person or persons within the District of Columbia on Sunday.'"

"Oh, it won't pass," said Robert confidently. "There are too many golf players and ball enthusiasts in both Senate and House. We have Dubois, Kittredge, Culberson, McMillan, Dietrich, and a lot of others, and over in the House every man is either a golf player or a baseball enthusiast. There are the Speaker and Chairman Payne, Corliss, of Michigan, and William Alden Smith, all baseball fiends, and who play hooky whenever they can get a chance. And Gillet and Moody—though Moody won't get so many chances now that he's Secretary of the Navy—are great golfers and wear their red coats with unfailing regularity—and, in fact, the entire House is either——"

"No, it isn't," interrupted Senator P—— with alacrity; "you forget that there are several men who neither follow the diamond nor the golf links. For instance, there's Beidler, of Ohio, who only raises tailless dogs as his sport, and the 'Black Eagle of Piney Wood,' De Graffenreid, only plays chess, and——"

"And," said Robert, "there are two or three men in Congress who think the best sport is cock-fighting, and Dovener, of West Virginia, and Powers, of Massachusetts, both confess to a love for the circus. Why, do you know?" laughed Robert, "they actually footed it to the Capitol the other morning so as to lose nothing of the circus parade. And when some one poked fun at Powers about it he said: 'I hope I'll never be too old to enjoy the smell of the sawdust.'"

"Pshaw!" said I with energy, "every one of you is keen for some pastime, whether it is golf, circus or horse-racing. You are all cut on the pattern of old Sir Toby Belch, who if he lost a jot of sport was 'boiled to death with melancholy.'"

"Anyhow," said Senator P—— defensively, "we are a degree better about our sports than we were in the early forties. There was a famous four-mile heat race in that day in Washington between two celebrated running horses that represented North and South. The horses were Fashion and Boston. An old resident of the District says: 'Both Houses of Congress adjourned so that the legislators might see the race, and even business in the Departments was suspended. The Southern horse lost, and the Southern representation in Congress rode away from the track with their empty and collapsed pocketbooks held up to view as a sign that nothing would be doing until after next pay day.'"

"The sport of the President and Lodge," said Robert, "seems to be horseback riding, and the President rides with great vim, but neither he nor Lodge is a patch in the saddle on the orderly who always attends the President. Why, that fellow can ride anything, jump anything and shoot anything, and do all three simultaneously. For all he rides along so quietly he is a wonder. Sometimes the President, if out alone, leads him a pretty dance and gets out of sight quicker than anything you ever imagined, but he cannot lose or elude that slim little fellow with the red stripes down his trouser-legs and the pistol in his belt. His instructions are not to let the President get away from him for a minute, and he doesn't. I meet the President and Lodge and the orderly out around the Soldiers' Home almost every day or two."

"Did you ever hear how Lodge, when he was over in the House, was arrested when he was out with the nobs at a paper chase?" said Senator P——. "Well," he continued, "Lodge is one of the best cross-country riders in the country and he was out one day having a fine time chasing scraps of paper, but the House needed a quorum, so the Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms was started out to corral as many members as he could catch. He chased Lodge clear over to Fort Myer, and came up with him just as Mrs. Cleveland was making him a pretty speech and presenting him with a trophy for being the first one in, and before Lodge could receive the prize the Deputy said aloud: 'I must arrest you, Mr. Lodge.' Fancy the astonishment of those people!" chuckled the Senator.

"I have always half believed," said I, "that a good deal of the stir about quorums is nonsense, for you never seem to discover the absence of a quorum until you find out that Senators and Representatives are off doing something that the rest of you are not in, and, though a quorum is not needed and no vote really wanted, you cannot jangle those little bells fast enough. I believe it was pure mischief that made you call for a quorum the other day just as Senator Hoar was giving his luncheon to the great British economist, Earl de Grey, down in his committee-room. And a whole bevy of Senators came filing hurriedly into the chamber with their luncheon napkins in their hands.

"It would appear," I added, "that hospitality is not so generous at the Capitol as at the White House. There are some very funny yarns going the rounds apropos of the President's delightfully breezy way of inviting any old friend who happens in to 'stay all night,' for each member of the family does the same thing by any friend without previous consultation or understanding. Now, everybody knows that the White House has practically but one guest chamber, the so-called State Bedroom, or Prince of Wales Room; therefore when bedtime arrives at the Mansion there are sometimes the most unexpected surprises when it is found out that the guests outnumber the rooms three to one."

"Talking of surprises," laughed Robert, "you should hear some of the surprising things that people go to the White House to get. I was up there the other day just as the doorkeeper was hustling out of the lobby a queer old countrywoman from some near-by back county. She was saying persuasively:

"'I only jest want to see the President a minute.'

"'But, madam, you cannot see him. No one can. This is Cabinet day.'

"'I don't care if it is,' she cried; 'I ain't goin' to keep him a minute. I only want his "receipt" for eye-wash.'"

"That's like the man who was over at the Treasury," said the Senator, matching Robert's story. "He insisted on seeing the Secretary, and failing that he demanded one of the chiefs of division. At last the chief saw him in order to get rid of him.

"'What can I do for you, sir?' he asked blandly.

"'Wal, I've come all the way from Ioway to see your hundred-thousand-dollar dog,' he said confidentially.

"'Hundred-thousand-dollar dog!' exclaimed the puzzled chief, unable to follow him, and thinking that possibly he was alluding to Uncle Joe Cannon, who is familiarly called the watchdog of the Treasury.

"'Yes, dog!' said the man from "Ioway." 'They say you've got a dog made out of the pulp of one hundred thousand dollars, and it's the only thing in the hull town I want to see.'"

"I hope he had his wish," said I.

"Oh, yes!" said the Senator. "When the canceled money is reduced to pulp they sometimes press it into queer shapes just for exhibition, and they happened to have a dog on hand."

"And now, Mrs. Slocum," the Senator went on, "have you nothing amusing in your world to add to the list of absurdities we have been giving you?"

"Well," said I, "the only really absurd happening of mine was that I called upon a feminine constituent of Robert's the other day. She was from Spruce City and she did not happen to be at home, so I left the usual supply of visiting-cards. Late that evening, while we were dining, the footman brought me a bulky note, which on opening disclosed all the cards I had left for the Spruce City denizen. Accompanying the cards was a note. It read:

> "'*Dear Mis' Slocum:* I was sorry not to be to home to-day, but hope you'll keep on being neighborly, as I admire our Senator from Spruce City. I send back your extry cards, as there ain't any use keeping what costs money and what would be sinful waste.'"

"Ah!" said Robert, rushing to defend his constituent, "that woman has found the philosopher's stone, for she knows that economy is the source of revenue, but all the same there is a tang about her note that reminds me of an old aunt of mine. When I was a small boy she once gave me a shilling and said:

"'Now, Bobby, you can do all the back-riding you've a mind to, but don't you get "took-up."'"

And for a moment or two Robert was hilarious over his boyhood's shilling. Then I went on to recount the happenings in the smart world.

"We have been very busy welcoming Madame Cambon and assisting at the Rochambeau celebration over on Lafayette Square, and attending garden parties. Ah! these garden parties are a great feature of the spring life here in Washington, and there are gardens and gardens. Some of them are beautiful and some are hidden away where least you would suspect it, and——"

"And some," interrupted Robert, who hated the conventional out-of-door tea, "are little patches of green about twelve feet square hedged around by iron palings over which hangs in breathless expectation the uninvited public, staring while you spill your tea under a Japanese umbrella."

"Oh, well," said I, "luckily there are very few of the iron-paling order. The White House lawn was ideal for an outdoor fête, with the big tents dotting the grass, and the whole house and conservatories thrown open. At the recent garden party the head gardener was being complimented on his blossoms, and he said that nearly every day he gathered a bunch of flowers, choosing the favorite ones, and shipped them to the sorrowing wife of the late President, and that it was by the wish of the present mistress of the White House that it was done. And I heard——"

I paused an instant to take breath and then went on:

"——a group of navy men discussing the assignment of navy officers to attend the Coronation. One of our very newly-made Admirals was in the crowd, and also our friend, Commander X——. They were discussing Captain Clark, and Commander X—— said:

"'There would be really very little glory in it for Clark over there. He is very retiring, and cares very little for pomp and publicity. I am not a bit surprised that he has asked to be excused. By the way, Admiral,' and he turned to the newly promoted man, 'you have a brilliant reputation on every naval station in Europe for your generous return of civilities to foreign naval officers. Now, that dinner of yours at Kiel, given to the Germans and Russians, is still the talk——'

"'Ah!' said the Admiral, his face lighting up; 'did you ever hear who paid for that blow-out? No? Well, I'll tell you. I was only a Commander and none too well off, naturally, and I found I was up against a lot of social affairs that I could no more return on my pay than our boatswain could have done. You see, most of those foreign chaps had money of their own, and many were Counts and Princes, and I was only a Yankee sailor with no money, and I was rather down at the prospect, and wrote home to my people that I had as fine a ship as any man had, whether he were German or Russian, and as fine men under me, but there it ended, and I was afraid that I'd have to entertain those fellows after the manner of Rip Van Winkle: "Give 'em a cold potato and let 'em go." But, bless you, I received a cable message:

> "'"If Uncle Sam cannot afford to return foreign civilities your old mother can. I send you one thousand dollars."

"'And,' said the Admiral, with a glow on his cheek, 'our Jackies lined up on deck that day and gave three cheers for the old mother at home.'"

"And yet," grumbled Robert, "our officers pull caps to get those very assignments. Why, there has been more heartburning and jealousy over this mission to Edward's Coronation——"

"But it is not a circumstance to the jealousy over yonder," said the Senator grimly. "Some of the ancient court offices have had to be abolished in order to end the struggles of the aspirants. They ought to have the old Duke of Wellington to regulate things as he did in Queen Victoria's time." The Senator smiled and said:

"When Victoria was to be crowned she was a mere slip of a girl, set in the midst of a lot of wrangling court autocrats, and the Earl of Albemarle clamored that it was his right by heredity to ride inside the royal coach with the Queen when she went to her Coronation. He made such a fuss over it that it came near to disrupting the Court. Finally it got so bad that the Iron Duke was called in to quell the disturbance. He stood up the Earl of Albemarle and settled him once and for all time:

"'Drat you, sir! I'll have you to know that you'll ride on the front of the carriage, or you'll hang on behind, or you may crawl along underneath it on all fours, as Her Majesty pleases, but inside you don't go.'"

The Greatest College Town—By Samuel E. Moffett

CAMBRIDGE? New Haven? Princeton? Ann Arbor? None of these. The greatest college town in America by far is New York. The eight colleges and universities in the metropolis have nearly twelve thousand students, and that does not include the independent theological seminaries, law and medical schools and other special professional institutions.

Twelve thousand students in any ordinary town would dominate the place. No dog, sign or fence would be safe. There would be a continuous procession of cows from pastures to chapel roofs. You would hear nothing anywhere but Bre-ke-ke-kex, Koax-koax and Zip-boom-ah-h-Tiger! But in New York the student army is lost. It is so completely absorbed in the population that hardly anybody outside of college circles knows it is there. If you happen to be in Princeton on the night of a football victory over Yale you will not need a guide to tell you that something has happened, but when Columbia beat Yale—a much more notable event in her athletic annals than a similar victory would be at Princeton—few New Yorkers observed any marked change in the aspect of the material universe. If you had been on Morningside Heights at a particular time that evening, or if you had walked along a certain stretch of Broadway at just the fleeting moment at which student enthusiasm had become sufficiently exuberant to impress the consciousness of passers-by and not exuberant enough to attract the attention of the police, you would have been aware that New York had a college.

The New York colleges and universities have nearly $15,000,000 in invested funds and their income amounts to over $2,500,000 a year. Their endowments and revenues are greater than those of the hundred institutions of New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, the District of Columbia, Virginia, West Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Kentucky and Alabama combined. Of course, the greater part of this display of wealth must be credited to Columbia, which is one of the richest as well as one of the largest universities, not only in America but in the world. Its endowments, which amounted to only $9,500,000 five years ago, reach $13,361,977 now.

There has been no more remarkable phenomenon in American education than the rapid advance of Columbia to the first rank among our institutions of learning. Mayor Low looks like a young man; yet when he took the Presidency of Columbia it was a little local New York college whose students were counted by hundreds where now they are counted by thousands. To-day it ranks second in America with a total enrollment of 5034 students against 5575 for Harvard and 3816 for Michigan, which comes third. It is second in the size of its teaching staff, with 466 professors and instructors against 483 for Harvard and 387 for Cornell, the third on the list. It is first of all in its graduate classes, with 300 graduate students against 404 for Chicago, 329 for Yale and 312 for Harvard. There are more professors and instructors on its staff than there were students a few years ago.

Out of 5034 students at Columbia only 488 belong to the old college. The dampening effect of such a situation upon what used to be known as "college spirit" may be imagined. When only one student out of fifty can be shouting "Wah-hoo-wah! Umpty-three!" it is plain that the old war-cries must lose some of their inspiration. There are almost as many Barnard girls connected with Columbia now as there are Columbia boys—335 to 488. But the dominating influence is that of the graduates. Everything is done for their benefit, and the undergraduates are fast falling into the position that used to be held by the "preps" in the days when colleges had preparatory attachments.

Next to Columbia among the metropolitan institutions of learning comes the New York University, which of itself would make a centre for a respectable college town. It has 1824 students, 186 professors and instructors, 60,000 volumes in its library, and an annual income of over $415,000. It is organized on modern lines, with ambitious courses of graduate research leading to the highest degrees. But its existence has been impressed upon the consciousness of New Yorkers and of the country at large chiefly through its Hall of Fame, which has had the distinction of inspiring a topical song and furnishing the title of a popular show. New York owes much to this institution. It had the university idea from the very first, long before Columbia was anything more than an old-fashioned college for boys. It was founded in 1829, while King's College, now Columbia, dates from 1754, but the founders of New York University in the very beginning, over seventy-two years ago, had the ideas of to-day. The object they announced was the "establishment of a university in the city of New York on a liberal and extensive scale." They contemplated a graduate division from the start, more than thirty years before graduate instruction became a feature of American education even at Harvard.

There is a stretch of upper New York that is probably destined in time, and perhaps before very long, to be the educational centre of America, if not of the world. It extends from One Hundred and Fourteenth Street and Morningside Heights to University Heights in the Borough of the Bronx, which is just above Two Hundredth Street. In this strip of between three and four miles long and less than half a mile wide are situated Columbia University, with Barnard and Teachers' Colleges attached, Manhattan College, the new site of the College of the City of New York, and New York University. About a mile and a half away is St. John's College, Fordham.

Wild Life in the Great City By Hayden Carruth

MAY 10. Have taken a room in a neighborhood where I think there will be an excellent chance to carry on my observations. Little does the world at large know how interesting the city is! It is my happy lot to discover it, and I shall introduce the reading public, and reap the benefit. Already have a half dozen books mapped out. I will show Bilkins that when he advised me to drop Nature and get into Historical Novels, just because 137 steam presses have been worn out printing his When Ten-foot Swords Were Slashing Round, he didn't know what he was talking about. Took a ramble after supper. Noticed that the flagstones are hard. Counted sixty-two trolley cars, of eight different species. How many people never notice trolleys at all!

May 11. Was up very early and took another ramble. It had rained during the night but the flagstones were as hard as ever. Not so the mud on the crossings. The trolleys were stirring, and I saw one horse-car. They are rare in this region now, and I followed it for some distance. Counted seven Hibernian policemen and three of the Teutonic variety. The former can be distinguished by the greater perpendicular length of the upper mandible. On my return wrote a chapter of my book, How to Know the Fire Hydrants. This afternoon took another ramble. Came across a fine ready-made clothing store window and studied it carefully. Hundreds of people were passing and gave it no heed. I noticed coats, trousers, fancy vests and assembled suits. Small cards informed me that each garment was all wool and imported. The trousers ranged in price from $1.25 to $2.75. Have been much interested all day in watching a man in a red woolen shirt who frequently goes into a door opposite with a tin pail. I conjecture that he lives there and is taking food home to his wife and children. Shall observe him closely, and hope to pick up some interesting natural history facts. Took a ramble around the block this evening. Counted thirteen cats.

May 12. Got a letter this morning from that detestable Bilkins. Two more presses broken down, and the others so hot that the fire company has been called out to turn the hose on them. He has started another romance laid in the time of Ferguson I. Still wants me to abandon Nature and take up Historical Novels. Never! though I have not entirely given up the notion of my rural story, Hiram Huckaback. Wrote a chapter in my book in which I impress upon the reader the desirability of learning to observe in the city. Took a short ramble this afternoon, walking about sixteen miles. Observed that street sweepers push their brooms ahead of them rather than making side wipes like a woman. How many have ever noticed this? Was much interested in the song of the men who buy cast-off clothing, and jotted it down; also the note of the strawberry sellers. Once I caught the voice of the elevated guard from above me. It can scarcely be called musical, but is cheery and encouraging, and may be rendered, "Yah—step lively—both gates—yah!" Noticed that the people keep on the sidewalks and the teams in the roadway. Also established to my own satisfaction that people do put up their umbrellas when it rains, whatever former writers may have said to the contrary.

May 13. Went out before breakfast for a ramble with my camera. Crept up very cautiously and secured a fine snap-shot of a policeman. Got focused perfectly on a messenger boy who was sleeping in a doorway, but unfortunately just as I pressed the button he turned over. The red-shirt man did not seem to be abroad. After breakfast was very busy writing a chapter on How to Post a Letter, when who should come in but Bilkins. Bilkins is a good fellow, but tiresome. It seems he has discovered a space between November 15, 1791, and January 22, 1792, during which the scene of no novel has been placed, and he is going at it hammer and tongs. He will call it The Red Handkerchief; Being Some Account of the Strange Flabbergasting Adventures of Lord Ranicaboo, as Writ Out by His Great Grandson, Sir Skeesicky Skeesicks, Whilom of His Majesty's 47th Regiment of Foot, Slackwatershire. By Hinkson Digbook Bilkins, Author of The Case-Hardened Knight, In the Days of Old Rameses, Mistress Lilith Adam, etc. After he had gone developed my plates, keeping a sharp watch for red-shirt. He began to stir at 10:30. Had made six visits to the door at 12:15. Tried to snap-shot him, but failed. After luncheon took a short ramble of between twenty and thirty miles. Counted one hundred and twelve automobiles. Made a close study of granite paving-blocks. Found them somewhat longer than wide, and ten per cent. harder than flagstones. Think an interesting volume can be made on them, as I am sure they are little known.

May 14. Telephoned to Bilkins this morning telling him I hear that Charles Peter Killgallon Shorthorse is treating that period in 1791-2 in a story, and advising him to hurry. He replied that he dictated the last chapter of his story at five A. M., and that the book will be in all the drygoods stores day after to-morrow. Wrote a chapter on the stock exchange for my book, Wild Life in the City, after breakfast. Decided to devote the rest of the day to a ramble, which I did, covering forty-three miles. Saw numbers of people almost everywhere. Visited the post-office and found many lock-boxes. Observed a large number of persons buying two-cent stamps. The common two-cent stamp is a most interesting object. In color it is a sort of red, and there is on it the design of a man's head showing a very old-fashioned method of dressing the hair. Few people have probably ever noticed the gum on the back of the stamp, but it is always there. Found that by displaying a coin it is possible to get quite close to a street beggar. Every one I approached readily took the coin from my hand. Had an excellent opportunity to study a letter-carrier through my opera glass. He was dressed in a gray suit, with a cap to match, and carried a large leather bag. His note consists of a sharp whistle. He is a walker, and is never seen to hop.

I just saw by the evening paper that Mrs. Katharhyne Hollingshead Turnbull Bascom has also taken up city nature study and is writing a book called How to Know the Fireplugs. I call this rather ungraceful of her. I must sit up all night and finish my volume. Have telephoned my publishers to notify the drygoods stores to move back their drug and fresh meat departments and prepare to make a grand display of my book Tuesday.

AN EXPERIMENT IN DARWINISM

By W. L. Alden

CAME TO REMONSTRATE

"WHAT I like about cats," remarked the Colonel, "is the patient and persevering way in which they carry out their plans. If a cat sees a hole in the wainscot that gives a fair surface show of mice, she'll sit by that hole, never moving a muscle and never so much as yawning, for two or three hours on end. And if there is a mouse within a hundred yards of that hole she'll nab him at last. The only animal that begins to have a cat's patience is a scientific man. Why, I once knew a professor in one of our Illinois colleges who started on an experiment which was to last five hundred years at the very least, and from the steady way in which he stuck to it you would have supposed that he expected to live to see the end.

"The thing came around in this way: One evening the Professor was disputing with another man in the café of the Mansion House over this theory of Mr. Darwin's that men used to be monkeys, and that they lived in trees and went around the country with hand-organs. The other man said that the theory was all stuff and nonsense, and that, if there was the least grain of truth in it, now and then a man would show the characteristics of his monkey ancestors. Now, the Professor had, a little while before, mentioned that every now and then a man would be born who was an exact duplicate of some one of his dead-and-gone ancestors, and this remark about men showing the characteristics of their monkey forefathers wasn't easy to answer. So he just took the bull by the horns and said that with a little care it would be perfectly practicable to breed a race of men that would resemble in nearly every particular the sort of monkeys from which they were descended.

"'What's more,' said the Professor, getting a little excited, as scientific chaps always do when they are arguing over some nonsensical question, 'I'll undertake to prove what I say by actual experiment. I'll guarantee that, barring accidents such as may happen to anybody, I'll produce within the next five hundred years an arboreal man, who will be four-handed, will live in trees, have a thick coat of natural fur and a passion for hand-organs.'

"Of course, everybody laughed at him, but he was in dead earnest, and the very next day he came to me to ask where he could get a couple of cheap children of assorted sexes to begin his experimenting with.

"I asked him what he proposed to do with the children, for my conscience wouldn't permit me to assist him in vivisecting even a boy in the so-called interests of science. He assured me that the children would be treated with the utmost kindness and would have a better time than any other children in the State. I knew that he would keep his word so far as he could, but I had a little doubt about his success, for the reason that he was an unmarried man, living alone with a single middle-aged Irishman, who attended to his wants, and it didn't seem to me very probable that either he or the Irishman would know exactly how to manage children. However, I told the Professor to go to one of the Chicago orphan asylums, where he could get all the children he wanted for a mere song; and he did so. In the course of a week he came back from Chicago with two children of assorted sexes, both of whom were under a year old. I calculated that he would have a good time bringing them up, but that was his affair and not mine; so I didn't pass any remarks to him on the subject.

"I will say this for the Professor, that he was as good as half a dozen mothers to the kids. Everything was done for them that science could suggest, as he several times informed me. He kept them in a room without a particle of furniture except a soft carpet. The room was always kept at exactly the same temperature and it was always full of fresh air. The kids didn't wear any clothes to speak of and they were fed whenever they said that they were hungry. In the mean time the training of the children was going on. Instead of putting things into their hands to hold, as women are always doing with babies, the Professor always made them hold things with their toes. You wouldn't believe how soon the kids caught on to this trick. By the time they were two years old and could pick up things of their own accord, they invariably picked them up with their toes; and the only use they put their hands to, so far as I could see, was to reach above their heads, or sometimes to put things into their mouths.

"Then the Professor planted a big tree in the middle of the room—planting it in a big tub, you understand. The children were encouraged to climb this tree and to use their feet as much as their hands in climbing. I got so much interested in the Professor's experiment that I used to drop into his nursery every day to see how the kids were getting on. They got on beautifully. I had had considerable experience in children myself, having been at one time an uncle of half a dozen children belonging to my sister who lived in the same house with me, and not one of them could compare with the Professor's kids in point of health and muscular strength. Besides, they were as happy as the day was long, and they would sit in the tree and eat the walnuts that the Professor tied to the branches, enjoying them as much as other children of that age would have enjoyed candy. Of course, they couldn't crack the walnuts, for the reason that they hadn't any teeth, so the Professor always cracked the nuts for them up to a certain extent, and all they had to do in order to finish the cracking was to knock them against the Professor's skull—a trick which he enjoyed as much as they did, he having one of those thick, solid skulls which Nature generally gives to a scientific person, especially if he is to be a mathematical sharp.

"'Those children are only about two years and a half old,' said the Professor to me one day, 'and they never eat anything except nuts and fruit. Just you walk under that tree and you'll see how strong they are.'

"I never suspected any harm from such small children, and so I walked under the tree. The minute I was within reach they grabbed me by the hair with their feet and pretty nearly hauled me up into the tree before the Professor told them to stop. Then I understood what had become of the Professor's hair during the previous year. He had never had any too much, but what there was of it had vanished and I calculated that those kids knew where it had gone.

"'Now, what do you think of their strength?' asked the Professor. 'A woman, being unable to comprehend the meaning of science, would have brought those children up on milk, and they would now be as weak as ordinary babies. Whereas, as you see, they have the strength of an average boy of fifteen.'

"I didn't try any more experiments with the children, but I will say this for them, that they were well-behaved, as far as minding the Professor was concerned. They couldn't speak, but they could understand, and they never failed to do anything that he told them to do. He said that he had had grave doubts as to the propriety of teaching them to speak any human language, but on the whole he had concluded that it wouldn't affect the value of the experiment if they did learn to speak English and that it might prove convenient in several ways.

"When the kids grew to be about six years old the Professor let them run in the yard, which was a big one and was surrounded by a fence of thick boards about ten feet high. They couldn't climb over this fence very well, for it was perfectly smooth, but they enjoyed themselves very much climbing the trees in the yard and in chasing each other over the lawn. The Professor had yielded to my representations that if he didn't make the children wear clothes he might get into trouble with the town authorities, not to mention the ladies of the place. So he had the youngsters wear a sort of bathing-dress made of fur, which left their arms and legs bare. He said that this fur might suggest to Nature the advisability of covering the children with fur of her own manufacture; but Nature didn't seem to take the hint and the Professor sadly admitted that fur was a development which could be expected only after several hundred years.

A COMMITTEE OF THE COMMON COUNCIL CALLED

"Now, it was not the Professor's idea that he could turn those two children into monkeys merely by bringing them up in a scientific way. He was no such idiot, though I admit that he was the most scientific man I ever knew. He often discussed the subject with me and I knew perfectly well what his intentions were. He meant to make the children four-handed, and to accustom them to climbing trees and to living on fruit and nuts. This was all he expected to accomplish with them, and he pointed out to me that he had already succeeded better than he had had any right to expect that he would. After the children grew up he intended that they should be married—they not being any relation to one another—'and after that,' as he always said, 'heredity will do the rest.' He calculated that it would take from four to five hundred years for the descendants of those children to become in all respects monkeys, but he had not the least doubt that in the end his experiment would be successful.

"I differed from him, although I didn't tell him so. There would be room for a good many things to happen in the course of five hundred years, and it wasn't reasonable to expect that the descendants of those children would go on developing themselves backward into the monkeys, just to please a dead-and-gone scientific person.

"When the children had grown to be ten years or so old, they were about as strong as an average horse. If they had not been obedient children, the Professor would have had trouble with them. The fence wasn't any longer of use in keeping them in the yard, for they could climb anything, but they never tried to climb it, because the Professor forbade them to do so, and moreover told them that the world outside of his yard wasn't healthy for young people such as they were. But they had liberty to climb all over the house and they would run up the lightning-rod, or the water-spout, as easy as you or I would run up stairs. They would sit up and go to sleep in the gutter, where the least misstep would have cost them a tumble to the ground, but they never were known to fall. They were particularly fond of stealing things and taking them up to the roof to examine them. Several times they took the Professor's clothes, after he had gone to bed at night, and carried them up to the roof, where they sat down and slowly tore the clothes to pieces. The Professor didn't seem to mind this at all. He said it was a characteristic simian trait and went a long way to prove the truth of the Darwinian hypothesis. But all the same it cost him considerable money for new clothes, and occasionally made it very inconvenient for him to go downtown to the tailor's, with nothing on except a dressing-gown.

"As I said, they were good children in the main, but they were certainly fond of mischief. One day I came into the Professor's room and found him tied in a chair and being shaved by the children with a piece of a tomato can. He was suffering a good deal, but he was bearing it like a hero in the interests of science, especially as he couldn't help himself. He requested me to observe, as I untied him, and kept the children away from him with a club, that they were exhibiting the characteristic fondness for imitation which monkeys notoriously possess. 'They saw me shaving yesterday,' said he, 'and consequently to-day they try to imitate the act.' I suggested that a real monkey would have shown his fondness for imitation by shaving himself and not the Professor, and that the fact that the children preferred to shave him showed that they were still pretty human; but he wouldn't be convinced.

"At another time I found one of the children swinging head downward from the gutter just under the eaves of the house, with the Professor's watch in his hands. He was examining the works, and had spilt a good many of the wheels out on to the ground. I must say that to see the thing hanging by its toes and solemnly picking that watch to pieces did pretty well convince me that the Professor's experiment was promising to be successful, but when he came out into the yard and saw what had become of his watch he used an expression that was more theological than scientific; and then he went back into the house in search of a whip.

"By this time the fact that the Professor was bringing up two children in an unusual way had attracted general attention and had created considerable scandal. He kept the children out of sight when people came to his house, which was only at rare intervals, he not being a popular man—owing to his belief in the Darwinian theory and his want of interest in local politics. Still, the story got abroad that the Professor was bringing up two unfortunate orphans without teaching them to read or write, or giving them the least instruction in the catechism.

"Then, too, it was said that he never allowed the children to wear clothes, which wasn't true, for they always wore their catskin bathing-dresses day and night, and it cost the Professor considerable in cats to keep his children fully dressed. People all agreed that his cruel and inhuman treatment of those poor children was a disgrace to humanity, and several times there came deputations of women who tried to get into the Professor's house to remonstrate with him, but they never succeeded, owing to his having locked the front door and put the key in his pocket the moment they entered the yard.

"I told the Professor that I thought he was wrong in not giving the children proper clothes and in not teaching them to read and write. I pointed out to him that they could easily be allowed to go barefoot so that they could use their feet freely, but that he ought to give them the sort of clothes that other children wore, if for no other reason than that public sentiment demanded it. Then, too, I insisted that teaching them to read and write would not interfere with his experiment and that it would put a stop to the hostility of the neighbors; but he refused to listen to my arguments.

"The Common Council of the town discussed the Professor and his way of bringing up the children all one afternoon, and it was in some respects the most interesting session of the Common Council that had ever been known. Pretty nearly every man had a different opinion as to what should be done in the matter; but they agreed that the Professor was a disgrace to the town, and that he must be called to account without further delay.

"Well, the upshot of the debate was that the next day a Committee of the Common Council called on the Professor to remonstrate with him. They told him that the Council had decided that he must either clothe and educate the children in the proper way or else consent that a guardian should be appointed for them, and that they should be taken care of at the public expense. The Professor listened quietly and then he said:

"'I understand that you think I have done very wrong not to teach the children to read and write. I should like to ask if every man here present can read and write?'

"Now, he knew very well that Councilman Kerrigan of the Fifth Ward couldn't sign his own name, and it was Councilman Kerrigan who had acted as the spokesman of the Committee. There wasn't any answer to the Professor's question, and so he went on to say:

"'I also understand that you insist that I give the children a religious education. Will you please tell me what religion they should be taught?'

"There was a general discussion of the subject which took up the next half hour, during which the Professor leaned back in his chair and smiled serenely, while the Committee called one another all the names that they had come across during their political careers.

"When order was restored, the Professor said that until the Committee were ready to instruct him as to what particular religion he should teach the children he rather thought things might remain as they were. Then he went on to talk about the noble scientific end he had in view, and how foolish it would be to permit any regard for such trifling matters as the bodies, minds and souls of the two children to interfere with the grand interests of science. He explained that by bringing up the children in the way he had been doing, and by marrying them to one another, which was his intention, their descendants would finally revert to the condition of their ancestral apes, and would thus prove beyond the possibility of doubt that the Darwinian theory was true. The chief thing to do was to keep the children and their descendants from intermarrying with ordinary people, and as long as this should be done the process of reversion to the ancestral ape would go steadily on.

"'But, Professor,' said the Methodist minister, 'whom do you calculate that the children of these two unfortunate creatures will marry? You say that they must not marry ordinary people, for that would spoil your experiment, but it seems to me that if you take a good grip of the situation you'll see that they must marry ordinary people, or else that they must marry their brothers and sisters. I put it to you as a moral man, though I grieve to say that you ain't a religious man, that you can't allow such marriages as those.'

"The Professor was knocked all of a heap, as you might say. It had never occurred to him when he talked of the intermarriage of the descendants of his two children that there wouldn't be anybody for the second generation to intermarry with, except people of the usual sort, who had been raised in the ordinary way. What struck me as even more peculiar was that the idea had never occurred to me, and I knew little enough science to be able to think pretty clearly about most things. I suppose the way of it was that when the Professor talked to me I generally smoked on in a quiet way and heard very little of what he said. Anyhow, the Methodist minister was right, and there was no denying the fact, so the Professor then and there admitted that he had made a mistake and that his experiment was doomed to be a failure.

"Having no further use for the children, the Professor offered to surrender them to the Committee, and allow them to be brought up in any way that the Committee might think best. While he and the Committee were wrangling over the matter, and the Committee were doing their level best to get rid of the responsibility of bringing up the children, the servant came in with the news that both children had bolted with an Italian organ-grinder who had come into the yard through the front gate that the Committee had left open. The Professor was delighted, for he said that this was another proof of the close relationship between those children and monkeys.

"We never saw or heard of them from that day to this, though there was a report that they had been seen in a circus, where they were exhibited as the Wild Man and Woman of Borneo, and made big wages. Still, the Professor always maintained that, even admitting that his experiment was a failure, he had proved that children could be made to bear an amazingly close resemblance to monkeys."

MISS WAINWRIGHT'S ADVENTURE

A Mid-Summer Comedy of Misunderstandings

By George Hibbard

"YE WAIT AN' WE'LL GIVE 'EM THE MERRY HA! HA!"

ALL day the city seemed to Miss Wainwright like a strange place. To be sure, she had lived in it for all her not very long life—that is, through that part of the year during which it was usual to stay in town—but in its midsummer aspects it was quite new to her.

She had come from Bernardsville in an early train, and had left her new maid at the Christopher Street Ferry after directing her to have the luggage conveyed to the Thirty-fourth Street Ferry, where she was to meet her to go out with her in an afternoon train of the Long Island Railway. During the entire morning that she had spent in making her way to the place in Harlem where her old nurse dwelt—deaf and alone—she had not seen a person she knew. She had finished her visit of charity, come down in the Third Avenue Elevated, walked across to Sixth Avenue to give directions for her aunt, at a small shop, about the framing of a picture. She had returned across Fifth Avenue and now stood on the Madison Avenue corner of Fiftieth Street when she saw the car approaching. Advancing, she stopped it with a gentle deprecatory gesture.

The crowd was very great. All the seats were occupied by elderly women or equally stolid-looking elderly men, so that there was no chance that she might sit down. Though it was easy enough for her to reach the strap, for she was rather a tall young person, it was very uncomfortable clinging to it, with the sudden starts and stoppages. At each one she was thrown against those about her, but all were wedged so tightly into the space that the shock was not violent. Still, Miss Wainwright had a distinct dislike to encountering in this way so many human buffers, and she became very much confused and somewhat out of temper. The last sudden arrestment of the car had thrown her so violently forward that her hat had been seriously disturbed, and in her inability to arrange it she lost all patience.

"Fares, please," she heard the conductor say.

The day had not been warm and she had on a thin coat, in the pocket of which she knew was her purse. In this thickly packed humanity it was difficult to reach it, but she lowered the hand that had been clinging to the strap and felt blindly for it. Carefully groping after it her fingers closed over their prize, and she slowly drew it forth from the pocket where it lay. Suddenly she felt her hand seized and held powerfully in a firm grasp. Astonished beyond measure, she glanced down and beheld her wrist clasped by strong masculine fingers. Looking up instantly she discovered that it was a young man closely jammed against her who had thus taken possession of her.

"No, you don't," he said, in the lowest tone, with amusement in his eyes, but in a voice of strong determination.

"What!" gasped Miss Wainwright, astounded.

"You don't pick my pocket," he whispered.

Miss Wainwright, glancing at the contents of her hand, saw a manly-looking pocketbook, very unlike her own.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, and hastily began to search with her other hand for her own. "It's gone!" she said in a moment.

The young man, who had not relaxed his grasp, still considered her thoughtfully.

"Let go my hand," continued Miss Wainwright, still whispering, so that the conversation was unnoticed by those about.

"I'm not sure that I will," said the young man slowly, showing no indications of obeying her. "I don't know what I ought to do about this."

"Oh, let me go. Let me get off the car," she said hurriedly, seeing that some people had begun to notice them.

"And let you escape altogether?" replied the young man.

"I am going to get off," she answered, making a sign to the conductor. The car stopped and she moved away, the young man releasing his hold as she did so. Forcing her way out, she was horrified to see that he was following her.

"Fare, please, Miss," said the conductor, as she reached the platform.

"I've lost my purse," she answered hurriedly.

The conductor looked at her significantly, barring the way.

"I caught on to what was happening," he said in her ear; "I'd no call to interfere. I've got to collect my fare, though."

"Here is the money," she heard a voice say, and in some way she realized that as the speed of the car decreased the stranger, who was behind her, had paid the five cents.

The car came to a standstill. She hurriedly stepped down. She heard the bell ring and knew that it had started again. Then for the first time she dared to look about, and turned to find herself confronted by the young man.

"Oh, you can't get away as easily as that," he said cheerfully. He smiled down upon her pleasantly, but still with the same authoritative tone of determination in his voice and a queer, half-indignant, half-compassionate, but altogether puzzled look in his eyes.

"If it wasn't such a clear case," he went on, gazing at her in perplexity, "I should not know what to think. But every few minutes you fell against me, and then there was no mistaking the way you cautiously felt for my pocket."

"I was trying to find my own pocket," exclaimed Miss Wainwright indignantly.

"Of course, that's what you'd say," he went on. "And—and I'm almost tempted to believe you," he admitted carelessly. "I should, by Jingo, only the facts are all against it." He looked at her with the same uncertainty. "I can't be making a mistake."

"You certainly are," she said, with more composure, for now she had time to collect herself. "You are making a very great mistake, and, if you please, I am going on at once."

"Wait," he said, stepping beside her as she moved away. "I don't know about that. I don't know about this at all;" and his brow was wrinkled in thought. "You're very young,

you know, and you don't look at all that kind, though one can never tell nowadays. I—I feel in a way responsible. Perhaps you ought to be given over to the authorities for them to look after you—take you away from the chance to do this sort of thing—in fact, put you in the way to reform."

Miss Wainwright stopped abruptly.

"Really," she said severely; "as I told you, indeed you are entirely wrong in what you think. You had better understand at once. I am Miss Wainwright."

"That may be so," he replied. "But really, you know, I'm not much the wiser."

"Why—why," she stammered, "my family is very well known. I am very well known. I have always lived here."

"You have?" interrupted the young man. "Then that is all right. You can easily prove all you say."

"Certainly," Miss Wainwright replied. "Indeed I live only a short distance from here—in Thirty-sixth Street," and she gave him the number of a house not far from Fifth Avenue.

"Do you know," he answered reflectingly, "that, as it is so near, it might be a good thing for me to go to that house and see—you understand——"

"Don't you believe me?" she exclaimed indignantly.

"Under the circumstances," he answered imperturbably, "you will admit that there might be a reason for one to doubt you."

"Oh!" she exclaimed in despair; "go away at once. You cannot do anything to me."

"I could very easily have you run in," he replied. "That conductor saw and thought the same thing that I did. He'd back up what I said and there would be a very good story to tell in any police court."

Miss Wainwright's heart stood still with sudden fright. She had not realized, she felt, how serious the situation was. Of course, she did not believe that she stood in the slightest danger. She knew at once that she could easily produce facts that would insure her immediate release. But the newspapers! As a very prominent young woman she had already had reason to dread the Sunday editions. She understood only too well how quickly and how easily the merest incident, and how much more an incident of such a sort, might be magnified until the printed account would be a horror. She already saw the first headline: "A YOUNG LADY PROMINENT IN SOCIETY ACCUSED OF PICKING A YOUNG MAN'S POCKET." She was frightened, really frightened, at last, and her terror showed itself in her eyes.

"Then," she said nervously to the young man, who at once noticed the unmistakable signs of alarm, "come. You shall know how wrong you are."

The sudden change had evidently strengthened the first opinion held by the stranger, which had for a moment been shaken by her appearance. He strode along by her side.

"It is an awkward position for me," he said. "You will see that. If you are what you seemed I ought to do something to have some care taken of you so that you won't be let go on this way. Why, if I found a woman in any other difficulty I'd be bound to do what I could for her—to try to help her."

The stranger was, in fact, perfectly respectful. Still, he spoke in a different manner from the young men who told her that they were to take her in to dinner or who asked her for a dance. It was a new sensation, and it gave Miss Wainwright a feeling of being alone in a cold, cold world that was quite unlike anything that she had ever experienced.

"You remember there are reformatories and places like that," he went on reflectively. "And some time ago I used to know two dear old ladies who would have known exactly what to do with a case like this."

Miss Wainwright was silent, her indignation slowly gaining strength until her mind was pretty equally divided between fear and fury.

"Of course," he continued. "I know there is a family of Wainwrights. It is a well-known name, but then it's just the name that any one might take who wanted to put up a big bluff. You see I'm a Southerner—from South Carolina—and I've not been here very much."

"I think we had better walk a little faster," she said.

"Oh, very well," he assented, readily quickening his pace to keep up with her. "Perhaps I ought to tell you my name is Geoffrey Thurling, though you will have to take my word for that, too."

Miss Wainwright felt that at any other time she would have distinctly liked the way he smiled.

"That is where I live," said Miss Wainwright at length, pointing to a large double house, with what she could not keep from being a slight note of triumph in her voice.

"But," he replied quickly, "the house is empty—the door boarded up."

"Of course," answered Miss Wainwright; "the house is closed for the summer, but the caretaker will be there."

"Oh, very well," he answered with docility, as they plunged down the area steps.

She rang once, and waited. She rang twice, and waited not quite so long. She rang a third time desperately. Then she saw that a smile was twitching at the corners of her companion's rather stern young mouth.

"She must be there," Miss Wainwright cried anxiously.

"You won't get any one in that house," said a voice from the street, and turning, she saw a policeman leaning over the railing. "There's but an old woman, and she's always away for all day."

"I shall certainly see about this," observed Miss Wainwright severely, as the policeman moved on.

"Come, now!" said her companion, at last breaking into a low laugh. "Own up and don't let us waste any more time this way. We'll only see about doing something that will be the best for you in the end."

"Oh!" exclaimed Miss Wainwright, ready to cry with vexation and hating herself for it. "*Won't* you understand? If it wasn't the summer I could prove how wrong you are in a minute. I'm just in town for the day."

"Still, if you have been here all day, you must have been where you are known," he suggested.

"I have been to see my old nurse," she replied, furious at being obliged to explain.

"Very well, then," he said briskly; "that's all right. Take me there."

"But she lives in Harlem, all alone, and is so deaf that she can't hear a word one says."

She blushed violently as she noticed the amused way in which he was looking at her.

"Now, really," he said.

"It's true—it's true!" she cried desperately.

"Well," he continued, "since the old nurse isn't available, haven't you been somewhere else?"

Miss Wainwright, in her indignation, was about to resent this inquisition, when, remembering how she was placed, she answered meekly:

"I went to a frame shop in Sixth Avenue."

"We'll go there," he answered promptly.

"But I only went for a commission for my aunt. They don't even know my name."

Again the young man laughed.

"Oh!" she cried, with the quickness of a sudden inspiration; "what time is it?"

"Twenty minutes past three," he replied, looking at his watch.

"I thought I might take you to the bank," she said; "but it is away down on the corner of Twenty-third Street."

"Besides," he observed dryly, as he closed his watch with a click, "you know that it is closed."

"Mr. Thurling," she said; "really, this has gone far enough. Can't you be convinced? You must see, yourself."

"Does it seem to you that all you have just said would lead naturally to my being more satisfied?" he inquired.

"I don't know," she said confusedly. "What shall I do? Oh!" she exclaimed suddenly, with new hope. "At Glinn & Gourie's they know me."

"That's the big jewelers over there in Fifth Avenue," he replied. "We'll go there at once."

It was only a short distance to the shop, and in a few minutes they passed from the hot street to the cool shade within.

"Is Mr. Glinn here?" she asked of the first clerk.

"Very sorry," said the man, "but, being August, Mr. Glinn is off on his vacation."

"And Mr. Gourie?" she said.

"Not come in from the country to-day," replied the man.

She glanced aimlessly about.

"Oh, there isn't any one here," she said hopelessly.

"Do you know, I thought it might be so?" her companion answered, a little grimly. "What would you suggest now?"

"I don't know," she answered. "Of course, I *can* make you know who I am."

"It doesn't seem to have been exactly possible so far."

"It has happened so strangely—the accidents—oh, it is too annoying! And don't you see that you are making me a great deal of trouble?"

"I am extremely sorry," he replied.

"Can't you give it up?" she went on. "There never was anything so wildly ridiculous."

"Anyway, since it's gone so far, I must see it out now," he said determinedly.

She felt the hopelessness of moving him, and as she stood gazing into the street her feeling of desperation increased. It was like something in a dream. There was something pursuing her—that was pressing close upon her—and from which there was no escape.

"Oh," she said suddenly. "I am so tired. If," she added, looking appealingly at Thurling, "you would give me a chair——"

"There is one," said the clerk, pointing across the shop.

Thurling turned promptly and made his way in the direction indicated. It was not far to go, but when he reached the chair there were some newspapers upon it and he paused to pick them up and deposit them on a window-sill. The instant that his back was turned Miss Wainwright lost all appearance of fatigue. With a rush she was through the shop door—across the pavement—and had darted into an empty hansom drawn up at the curbstone.

"Oh, drive anywhere—quickly—quickly!" she gasped. "As fast as you can—I'll make it all right with you!"

The man understood at once that there was something unusual, and with a cut at his horse even before he had picked up the reins he had the cab under way in an instant. As she was borne hurriedly uptown Miss Wainwright caught a glimpse of Thurling issuing quickly through the shop door. She had hardly gone a block and had not had time to recover from the first excitement of her flight when the driver again opened the trap.

"I think, Miss, there's a hansom with a gentleman in it a-follow'n' us."

Miss Wainwright's heart, that had been beating so violently, seemed to stand still.

"Oh, go on—go on!" she cried.

"Where?" demanded the man.

"You must get away from that hansom," she answered, more composedly, in what was almost the calmness of desperation. "I have to be at the Thirty-fourth Street Ferry at half-past four to catch a train on the Long Island Railway. You must first get away from that cab and then, when you are quite sure that it's out of sight, take me to the Ferry at once. Do you understand?"

"Not entirely, Miss," the driver replied with interest; "for if the gentleman was with ye I could comprehend it better. But the horse is as good as there is on the Avenoo an' a bit o' sport is always agreeable to me. Ye wait an' we'll give 'em the merry ha! ha!"

She could never remember where she was taken. She only knew that they rolled through endless streets and that once they passed through some part of the Park. It had become more like a dream than ever. Every now and then the driver communicated to her the state of the chase, for, of course, she could see nothing herself, except once, when rounding a corner, she caught a glimpse of the pursuing hansom, hardly more than a block away. She reproached herself bitterly for what she had done. Why had she yielded to such a sudden panic and fled? Of course the young man was convinced now that he was right in what he had imagined, and was he not justified? Of course he thought her a thief. Not that it made so much difference what he thought. But his conviction would make him more determined to follow her—would make escape more difficult. She had, in a moment of folly, condemned herself and she must take the consequences.

"It's gettin' near the time of the train, Miss," said the driver. "An' I can't throw 'em off. But we'll do it yet. Never ye fear!" he cried excitedly, for the excitement of the race was gaining on him and he lashed his horse vigorously.

Now they turned and plunged downtown. This much Miss Wainwright was able to realize as she sat quaking in a corner. The speed was such that as the hansom passed universal attention was drawn to it. People not only paused to watch it but men ran to shop doors to gaze after it in its headlong course. Round corner after corner they darted—in and out among the empty streets—but always working their way downtown. They were coming down Madison Avenue now and, turning to the left, Miss Wainwright saw herself, at breakneck speed, carried over one of the bridges spanning the track above the New York Central Station.

"I've dropped 'em from sight!" said the man excitedly. "Now for it!"

With a quick jerk Miss Wainwright felt the hansom turn—this time uptown and not down—dash along for a block, and then turn again rapidly to the east.

"I don't see 'em," said the man, still keeping his horse at its speed. "We've given 'em the slip, sure."

"Then hurry!" she cried. "Go to the Ferry!"

At a slightly moderated pace the man drove down Third Avenue, turned on Thirty-fourth Street and drove up before the Ferry. As Miss Wainwright tripped out she noticed that the steaming horse was trembling and breathing violently.

"Poor beast!" she thought. Then she looked up at the man. "That was well done. Wait; I want to find my maid."

Miss Wainwright sped gayly through the Ferry door. Now that she had escaped, the humorous side of the incident became more and more manifest to her. It had been funny. She laughed aloud as she thought of it. What a story to tell when she got to the Dunstons'. Still, she was a little nervous with her excitement and her laugh was slightly hysterical. There had been moments that had been awful. Still, it was all over now. As she thought, she walked forward and glanced about, searching for the maid. She looked from side to side—she went up and down the place carefully. Suddenly she stopped short. Could the woman have failed to come? Through some error or stupidity could it be that she was not there? She had only had her for a week and her conduct during that time had not been such as to lead Miss Wainwright to place much confidence in her intelligence. Miss Wainwright moved hastily and impatiently about, seeking everywhere. Questioning, she could learn nothing that gave her hope. The time was growing very short, for very soon the last boat would start by which she could reach the train. She was still engaged in her search, when suddenly she came upon the cabman, who had entered the room, evidently looking for her.

"The fare, please, Miss," he said with some decision.

"I tell you I must find my maid," she replied.

"I know," replied the man; "but suppose you don't find her? The boat'll be starting in a minute for the train as you was so eager to catch."

"I believe," exclaimed Miss Wainwright, glancing at him, "that you thought I was not going to pay you."

"Well, Miss," the man continued slowly, "we see queer things in our business an' comes on queer ones. After breathin' the horse like that I don't want to run no chance."

"You shall be paid well," said Miss Wainwright magnificently. "But I have got to catch this train."

"Not until I have my money," said the man resolutely

"Oh!" she exclaimed in consternation

"I don't want to seem to mistrust you, Miss," he said, "but you'll see a man's got to look out for himself"

"Yes—yes," she said hurriedly

"So you'll excuse me if I says to you, pay my fare or there'll be trouble," he exclaimed in a louder voice, that caused several bystanders to turn and look

Miss Wainwright instinctively shrank into a corner

"I want my fare," reiterated the man angrily, following her and advancing more directly in front of her. While she retreated, her eyes fell before the driver's threatening gaze. Suddenly, as she looked down she saw the man, as if he had been fixed on a pivot, turn quickly, his body rapidly revolving, and disappear from her sight. At the same time glancing up, she saw that her assailant had been thrown on one side and that Thurling once more stood before her

"What's this?" he said furiously to the driver

"I only wanted my fare, sir," said the man humbly "She said that she'd make it all right with me."

Miss Wainwright saw Thurling take out his pocketbook and extract two crisp bills from it. These he handed to the driver

"There," he said to the man, "now get out"

"Thank you kindly, sir," he said, "I'm sure I was only askin' for my just dues, and if I made a mistake——"

"Go at once," said Thurling and the man disappeared

Miss Wainwright looked at her pursuer—and her preserver

"You may be surprised to see me," he said, "but my cabman caught sight of your cab through one of the side streets as you came down Third Avenue, so we followed without being discovered"

"I don't know what I should have done if you hadn't come," replied Miss Wainwright helplessly

"Really, you see, it was so foolish to try to give me the slip that way, when you hadn't any money"

"But I expected to meet my maid here!" she exclaimed indignantly

"Of course—of course," he answered indulgently "Still, don't you think that now after this running away of yours, that we had better drop all this?

"All that I have been telling you is perfectly true," she responded with vigor. "I came in town for the day. I went to see my old nurse. I expected to meet my maid here and I am going in the afternoon train to Eastbury to stay with some friends. In a few minutes it starts"

"You are going," he asked "positively?"

"Yes," she replied

"Without a ticket?" he demanded

"I think," she replied, "that it is very unkind of you. Oh, if I can't go what shall I do! I can't remain in town There is no one here at this time of the year with whom I could stay"

"Look here" he said abruptly "As I told you before, I'm going to see this thing through. Do you really want to go to Eastbury?"

"I do," she replied fervidly

"Then I'll get tickets and we'll go," he said as he turned toward the Ferry "Hurry; the boat is just starting"

Miss Wainwright followed meekly and they caught the boat at the last moment. Together they walked forward and side by side leaned over the rail looking at the river

"For one reason," she said primly, "I am extremely glad to see you again"

He glanced toward her in some astonishment. "The cab fare," she exclaimed "I have not been able to pay it and I should not have known where to send it"

"I'd forgotten about that"

"And then, what you paid the cabman; I don't know how much it was"

"I'd like to have given him something else for his impudence"

"And now the ticket!" she cried, horrified as she realized how her debts were mounting up

They were so late that it was impossible to obtain drawing room seats, and as Miss Wainwright entered and found a place in one of the other cars she felt more despondent than ever. She had never forgotten a man she had once seen in a train who sat handcuffed to the man next to him. The memory came back to her with a shudder and she confessed to herself that her sensations must be something the same as she found herself sitting next to the stranger

"It isn't far, is it?" he said

"No," she replied; "and they'll meet me, of course, at the station, and there you can get rid of me"

"You can get rid of me, you mean," he said. "If, really all that you've been saying is so what must you think of me!

"The important thing is what you have thought of me," she replied non-committally

"Next station, Eastbury" called the brakeman

"We'll be there in a few minutes," she said. "I stayed here a great deal last year and I know"

"Yes," said her companion absently

"And I want to ask you now where I am to send the money," she continued

"You know," he answered impatiently, "that I am not convinced yet—and this may not be good-by

"DON'T YOU SEE THAT YOU ARE MAKING ME A GREAT DEAL OF TROUBLE?"

When Miss Wainwright and Thurling got out of the train only two or three others got out with them. Eastbury was an unimportant station, with a small station-house standing alone by the side of a dusty road. Miss Wainwright and her companion walked along the short platform

"It's strange," she said; "I don't see any of the Dunstons They must just have sent something for me, though I can't understand why some of them did not come."

But one by one the traps in the road received their occupants and vanished from sight. Miss Wainwright and the young man were left standing on the platform alone.

"You know Mr. Dunston?" she asked, approaching the porter busy with some luggage

"Well, ma'am, I should rather think I do," said the man

"Has no one been here from Mr. Dunston's place this afternoon?"

"No, ma'am," replied the man "It's very singular" commented Miss Wainwright, looking at Thurling, who was standing beside her and watching her closely. "I'll walk"

"Oh, very well," said the young man cheerfully, as he followed her to the little roadside path

"I know the way, for, as I told you, I stayed here last year. And it is not far. Really, I never knew anything so unfortunate"

"It does seem very remarkable" observed her companion, his eyes shining merrily though his face was serious enough

"Oh!" said Miss Wainwright, stopping and shortly stamping her foot "You are making fun of me. You don't believe a word I say"

"I don't know," said the other helplessly

"And you think I am only trying to find a chance to run away from you once more"

"Well," he answered, "you see, you did, and I've got to be careful you can't again"

"I wish I could," Miss Wainwright said viciously, her eyes flashing, and for the first time losing her calm reserve

"I don't doubt it," observed her companion regretfully "And I can understand it"

He did not appear very cheerful and it was with a very dejected air that they made their way onward

"There is the place," she said at length, pointing through an opening in the trees to a large country house resting upon a slight rise of the ground

"I believe it is all right" said the young man, looking at her narrowly and observing the confidence with which she spoke. "Have I been making a fool of myself all this time?"

"I don't want to say anything," observed Miss Wainwright critically, "but I can't help wondering what you will think of yourself"

"I wish I'd never seen you," said the young man between his teeth

"Do you propose to come to the house?" she asked, disregarding his remark

"Yes," he replied obstinately

"Won't it be rather awkward for you?" she asked

"I don't care—I told you I was going to see this thing through" he replied forcibly

They were walking up the drive and were soon under the portecochère

"It certainly is very singular that there was no one to meet me," she said. "And it seems so strange to ring the bell"

In a moment a servant appeared at the open door

"Where is Miss Dunston?" she said

"Miss Dunston?" replied the man, looking blankly at her

"Of course, Miss Dunston," she answered impatiently. "She is expecting me"

"Miss Dunston does not live here, Madam," said the man. "This is General Torrence's house"

"Not live here!" cried Miss Wainwright. "But she must!"

"This is General Torrence's house," asserted the man determinedly; "though he's out riding just at present."

"Then I *don't* understand," said Miss Wainwright, sinking into a chair on the veranda, the tears at last rising into her eyes

"The lady is a little tired and there seems to be some mistake," Thurling said, coming forward to the servant "I think we'll rest here for a few moments until General Torrence comes in"

"Very good, sir," said the man "Is there anything I can get for the young lady?"

"No—no," said Miss Wainwright faintly

"Then that will be all," continued Thurling. "We'll just wait until General Torrence returns."

The man at once withdrew

"I suppose I know what you think of me *now*," said Miss Wainwright pitifully

"I don't know what I believe," he went on hurriedly. "You are tired out. You must rest here; I'm sorry I did not tell the man to bring some tea; and then we'll go back at once to the city"

"But I did expect to find Nelly Dunston here," said Miss Wainwright weakly. "And I don't understand it."

"Never mind—never mind," he said soothingly

"And I stayed with them in *this* house," she insisted

"That's all right," he said

At this moment they heard the sound of a horse's hoofs upon the firm road

At the same moment a little old gentleman, on a well built colt, came into sight round the corner

"General Torrence?" said Thurling, advancing as the gentleman dismounted

"Yes, sir," said the other

"I wish to beg your pardon for trespassing," the young man went on. "But the young lady was tired, I was just about to ring to ask for some tea

"Well, sir, and who are you? Of course the lady shall have the tea, but I don't know you. Staying about here?

"No, sir," answered the young man. "The fact is, it is quite by a mistake that we are here. We just came in the last train and are going back by the next."

"You came by the last train—came to my house whom you don't know—and are going back by the next!" exclaimed the General, becoming red in the face. "Honored, I am sure. But you won't mind my saying that I don't understand it. No, sir, and that it is very curious, sir."

"Oh, it's all my fault," said Miss Wainwright. "The gentleman thought I had picked his pocket——

"What!" interrupted the General, his countenance assuming a really dangerous color

"And we came here because I thought I was going to stay here and that would convince him

"Are you mad?" cried the General. "Stay here! Why I'm a widower and live here alone."

"I see," urged Miss Wainwright. "But I didn't know. It has been a mistake," she said, rising. "We will go."

"A mistake, that's clear," the General continued. "But where—why——"

"The truth is," said Thurling, "that the young lady insisted that the occupants of this house were called Dunston."

"The Watts-Dunstons?" said the General.

"Yes," said Miss Wainwright eagerly

"They rented it last year, but I have it this," the General went on. "The place they have this summer is in just the opposite direction from the station."

"I stayed here last summer," said Miss Wainwright, again sinking back into her chair. "And when they wrote, they did not say there was any change, so, of course, I came here."

By Jove!" said Thurling impulsively, taking a step forward. "I have been mistaken. You have been right. I take it all back."

"I insist," said Miss Wainwright with weary dignity, "on your going to the Dunstons with me and being thoroughly satisfied."

And she moved slowly toward the steps

"But, good Heavens, my dear young lady, you are not to be allowed to walk seven miles to the Dunstons'." The General rang the bell. "Here," he called to the servant who at once appeared; "have something got ready at once. I must go to Mr. Dunston's immediately. And bring some tea. Be quick, now."

"I'm not really tired," said Miss Wainwright feebly. But I think, if you please, that I should like some tea."

Half an hour afterward it was a silent party that drove up to the Dunston house.

"You'll promise never to tell, General?" said Miss Wainwright to the old gentleman

"Never," he chuckled enthusiastically, his rubicund face glowing with delight

"Of course we never got a telegram," said Nelly Dunston a moment later, folding Miss Wainwright in her arms.

"My maid never sent it," she said, turning to Thurling who was behind her. "She forgot it—has run away or something—for she never came with the luggage to the Ferry, either."

"Undoubtedly," said Thurling. "And now, good by."

"Good by," said Miss Wainwright, holding out her hand. "It was so good of you, finding me all alone in that way to take all this trouble about bringing me here. Nobody but an old friend would have been so kind. Are you really going back to town at once?

No, he isn't," cried the General. "He can't; the last train has gone. He's coming to stay with me. Thurling—Thurling—any relation to Major Moultrie Thurling?"

He was my grandfather

"We were together in the Mexican War," cried the General enthusiastically. "Young man, why didn't you tell me this before? I thought there was something I recognized about you."

But Thurling did not answer; he was looking at Miss Wainwright.

"Stayed with your grandfather in South Carolina," cried the General, "before the war! No, sir, you are not going back to town, or if you go it will only be on the promise of coming to stay at least a month with me."

Of course this is not all of the story, and the rest can perhaps best be told by recounting a conversation that took place a month or two later on the veranda of the Watts-Dunston country house, where Miss Wainwright was again staying

"Oh!" she said suddenly in the darkness of the early autumn evening; "and I've never paid you that five cents!"

"No," said her companion, whom she could only see as a man's dark figure at her side

"Nor the cabman's money!"

"No," he repeated

"Nor for the tickets!" she continued.

"No," he said once more

"It's very wrong," she said, "not to give somebody something when it belongs to them."

"But haven't you given me something?" said the man.

Why Should American Boys Go to Oxford?

By William B. Hale

MAGDALEN COLLEGE—AN INCOMPARABLE TOWER ABOVE AN EMBATTLED PILE

IN THIS CHURCH CRANMER, LATIMER AND RIDLEY WERE TRIED

AT ST. JOHN'S HE WILL LODGE IN THE HALLS OF AN ANCIENT BENEDICTINE MONASTERY

WHEN the amazing will of the late Mr. Cecil Rhodes was made public, and the South African magnate's gigantic educational plan appeared, several American newspapers gathered the sentiments of a number of our college presidents regarding the proposition. Not a few of these gentlemen expressed grave doubt of its practical beneficence, and underneath the polite words of still others was evident a very limited enthusiasm. It was declared by some, and intimated by others, that Oxford has nothing to contribute toward the formation of American manhood, that our own institutions are better adapted to our own needs, and that, moreover, they are absolutely more capably managed, more thorough and effective schools. One distinguished scholar remarked that the University of Nebraska is better equipped for scientific work than is Oxford

It is natural that the superiority of American educational institutions and methods should be believed in by those who are at the head of them. It is likely that the dons of Oxford might shrug shoulders at a proposal to send English youths to Harvard—possible even that they might fail to rise to appreciation of the opportunities which young Englishmen would find at Lincoln, Nebraska. And, generally speaking, a safe conclusion would be that English universities are calculated to be the best for English youths and American universities for American boys. The genius of a country may be trusted to express itself in its schools, and is not to be sought in those of another land. It would be a consummation unspeakably disastrous to have our young men, either by the importation of instructors or the exportation of students, handed over, in any large measure, to alien influence

It is, of course, many years too late to speak as if American schools were inadequately equipped. Education was never dependent upon apparatus; that was a true university where a boy sat on one end of a log and Mark Hopkins on the other, or where Phædrus reclined with Socrates under the plane-tree by the banks of the Ilissus. But in these days we have in America scores of colleges which lack no desirable instrument of instruction, and a dozen where laboratories, observatories, clinics are fitted out with a completeness not approached at Oxford, and where informed and skilful teachers, specialists, impart instruction of a thoroughness and seriousness undreamed of there

If, then—aside from a very few whose special interest might be in the classics, or perhaps in Oriental and Semitic languages—any American students go to Oxford, it must be for the sake of something other than the pure matter of instruction

And, indeed, how small a part of education is the affair of being supplied with information! The building of character, the development of natural endowments, the training of the taste, the inspiring of enthusiasms are dependent upon far more than mere instruction. In all experience, these things have been found to be a product of energies less formal, more subtle—of influences not altogether to be localized nor described, but clear in issue—of a disposition, a temper, an habitual mood, an attitude—of a spirit, fugitive, perhaps, in analysis, but abiding in power. The Oxford spirit, then, I take it upon me to say, is a power so fine that it, and it alone, does justify the keeping of a hundred of our young men in the town on the Isis

Oxford has not lived eight centuries for nothing. The long procession of scholars, warriors, princes and saints has not passed through these cloisters without leaving here influences broad, deep, significant and precious. This gray old city, full of the sound of many bells, is itself an education and an inspiration. Nothing quite like it, nothing quite so rich in historical associations and at the same time in satisfying beauty, is to be found on earth. Nowhere else is to be found grouped within the limits of a town anything approaching so much of worthy architecture, much of it among the noblest examples of man's building, and upon every fabric, chapel, hall and tower the enchantment of age and romantic history. Since Harold Harefoot was crowned king here in 1036, since Saxon Wittenagemotes sat here, there has been no period of English history whose events were not in some degree shaped here; not a government but its chief ministers were trained here; not a movement, political, religious or social, which Oxford has not led, or most hotly and desperately opposed.

The Oxford spirit is not a thing you may label and have done with. It does not submit itself to cold, deliberate assessment, and it would be idle to attempt to sketch it in a few paragraphs. But these things are characteristic of it: First of all—in spite of whatever different opinion may prevail in America—it is intensely democratic; and, after that, it is dominated by a passionate love of beauty and a hatred of ugliness—and consequently an enthusiasm for social reform. It is high in moral tone; it is sportsmanlike. And it is amazingly disposed to scorn as vulgar what the world calls "success"; the Oxford spirit is unfamiliar with the idea that education is for the purpose of helping a man "get on."

But apart from this spirit—which, in however few words it must here be dismissed, is a definite and precious formative force—consider what an influence upon an American lad it will be just to be lodged, during three impressionable years, in these ancient halls, and to enter into the heritage of these antique customs. He will be little more than a lad at first, for, though no age limit has been fixed as yet for the new scholarships, the regulations applying to the old ones—which limits them to men under nineteen—will doubtless be enforced

It may be his good luck to matriculate at Magdalen College From Iffley Road or Christ Church Meadow it rises, an incomparable tower above an embattled pile of low, irregular mass, embowered in verdure, defended by the sweep of a moatlike river and offering from every new point of view some fresh delight The browsing deer, free of the "Grove"; the "pleasaunt meanders shadowed with trees" which Addison loved, and which, as quaint old Anthony-a-Wood declares, are "as delectable as the banks of the Eurotas, where Apollo himself was wont to walk and sing his lays"; the great kitchen in whose cavernous fireplace haunches were roasted years agone for the Hospitallers of St. John, with many a rare vista and many a noble door, pulpit, turret, buttress, and window in the stateliness of its four quads and its hundred acres—that soul is dull indeed that is not subdued by the spell of Magdalen's glories. From the slender tower every May-day dawn is hailed with a hymn; from it, a sadder day of one May, Charles the Martyr watched the army of Essex cross Sandford Ferry and Bullingdon Green

If New College be his choice, he will recollect, as he strolls in the lovely garden beneath the old city wall whose parapets and bastions remain as in the civil wars, that at Oxford "New" means only five hundred years old.

At Queen's, by immemorial custom he will be summoned to dine in hall by sound of trumpet. Here at Christmas the boar's head, with gilded tusks, crowned with rosemary and holly, will be brought in to the singing of the old doggerel praise of the brave dish. Here, too, at the New Year he will be presented with needle and thread and exhorted to be thrifty

At Christ Church he will stand by the shrine of St Frideswide and look back twelve centuries; he will find himself a member of a house whose founding was in Saxon times and whose golden age in that of Henry VIII and Wolsey He will dine in the grandest mediæval hall, save Westminster, in the kingdom, where Henry, Elizabeth, James I and Charles I, and the Parliament of the last, have sat before him; have his meats from spits that turned, if not for Chaucer, as Lamb dreamed, at least for King Hal, for Erasmus, Ben Jonson and Sir Philip Sidney, and be warned in nightly by the hundred and one strokes of "Old Tom" a bell that rang at Osney Abbey before ever a bishop came to Oxford

It is among such ancient fellowships that the young American will make his choice. Mr. Rhodes expressed a hope that there would be no flocking on the part of his beneficiaries to particular colleges. It will be difficult to prevent this altogether. In the past, particular sections of Britain have been tributary to particular colleges. Thus, Queen's has always been a north country college; Exeter is drawn chiefly from the western counties; Jesus is the resort of Welshmen—on St. David's Day the men there knot a leek into the tassels of their caps—and so on. If other natural predilections are stronger than national ties, our reading men will try for Balliol; fast ones for Magdalen; athletes for Brasenose or Exeter; men who have the purse for hunting, for Christ Church. As for boating men, the Americans will themselves in the future probably determine what college shall be "head of the river." Two of our countrymen are in the 'varsity boat this year. A Fellow of Exeter declares that one feature of the Rhodes endowment will be the wiping out of Cambridge, athletically. For, though we shall receive something of Oxford, we shall contribute something to her

Concerning Balliol, the college preeminent in scholarship, it ought to be said that it is understood there that members will be content with nothing short of "honors." A "pass"—that is, an unadorned A. B.—may be made in three years, but to secure "honors" requires a fourth year. Now, Mr Rhodes evidently contemplated no reading for "honors"—he provides for but three years' residence. The provision for those three years, I may remark, is ample. Many of the older scholarships paid only $400 annually; the highest only $600, some—"exhibitions"—as little as $150. Men on the Rhodes foundation will have $1500 a year. It costs that to live at Oxford comfortably; it is easy to spend twice as much and possible to live on less.

If our young man go to St. John's he will lodge in the halls of an ancient Benedictine monastery. At Worcester he will find hard by the birthplace of Richard Cœur de Lion. At All Souls he can look back to Blackstone as a fellow-student; at Queen's, to Henry V and the Black Prince. At Oriel he will read on the rolls the names of the author of Piers Ploughman, of Keble, Pusey and Newman, of Sir Walter Raleigh and Cecil Rhodes; at Merton, the old Lollard college, of Duns Scotus; at Balliol, of Browning, Adam Smith, Clough and Matthew Arnold; at Christ Church, of John Locke, of Gladstone, Rosebery and Salisbury—the last three premiers of England—and the reigning King

The young American will be hard of soul indeed who can walk "the High," that finest street of Europe, without a swelling heart, or gaze unawakened up to its centre and apex there in the splendid pyramid of the tower of St. Mary's the Virgin—the University church and the dominating mass of all Oxford. Under the pavement of its choir lies Amy Robsart. For half a millennium St. Mary's has been the centre of the life of the University. The statue of the Virgin and Child in the porch furnished an article in the impeachment of Archbishop Laud, who put it up. In this church, Cranmer, Ridley and Latimer were tried and condemned; from its pulpit the aged Cranmer stretched forth his hand and vowed to offer it first to the flames. "But what of all that?" Lady Randolph Churchill said to me one day, standing in the venerable lane; "was it not here that Newman stood and preached!"

Amid such an atmosphere the American student will spend his mornings in study, his afternoons in recreation, his evenings in social converse with his friends

He will become habituated to calling Magdalen College "Maudlin," the river Cherwell, the "Char"; he will refrain from speaking of Christ Church as a "College." He will learn to get along without serviettes and sugar-tongs, to forego umbrellas and to refrain from shaking hands. He will become an adept at reading hoods and distinguishing dons of high degree. He will join the Union and debate—it is to be hoped with less insistence upon the obvious than his English friends think necessary—all political and literary subjects within the range of human cognizance.

In a hundred ways, not all of them gentle ones, he will be rounded and polished; in a hundred more, most of them uncatalogued and informal, his vision will be widened, his enthusiasms ennobled, his character trained. If he learns any snobbery—the soul of a snob was in him when he went. He will come home, not a great scholar, but a gentleman; fitted to learn much more when he takes his part in the university of American life, and yet to contribute certain elements which are needed in our national character

When the President Goes to Church

By Harold Bolce

THE President of eighty millions of people worships in what is probably the smallest city church in the United States. The dimensions of the little building are twenty-six by fifty-one feet. It is a quaint miniature of a chapel with a tiny, though orthodox, steeple. Otherwise it is bare of ornamentation, within or without. Save for their pine-board backs its cushionless pews are like the rough hewn benches of frontier schools

On narrow panels back of the Lilliputian-like pulpit are painted in small white capitals the Lord's Prayer, the Apostles' Creed and the Ten Commandments, and so small is the house that a visitor seated in a rear pew may without difficulty decipher these sacred classics. At one side of the altar is a parlor organ, around which ordinary chairs are grouped for the choir

To this humble place of worship the Chief Magistrate of the Republic, for whom Fashion would make room gladly in the most exclusive congregation, finds his way every Sunday morning.

Just across Lafayette Square from the White House stands historic St. John's, a pew of which was sold at auction, in Washington, on May 14, for $2750. On his way to join the simple fellowship gathered at the German Reformed Church the President passes carriages carrying men and women of fame and wealth to the celebrated edifice whose pews are avenues to society.

No carriages roll up to the President's church. He himself invariably walks. And there is no hint of half-heartedness or backsliding in his tread, for his sturdy gait, which is being imitated by strenuous ambition in the National Capital, serves the President in his Sunday pilgrimage as well as in his secular tramps to Cabin John's Bridge.

The little church has a membership of two hundred, with sittings for only one hundred and seventy-five. Before ten o'clock Sunday mornings visitors begin to assemble and form in waiting line in front of the church. By dint of much crowding the regular congregation is enabled to give up one-third of the room of the diminutive building to sightseers. When eleven o'clock approaches, the crowd, which would now more than overrun the church, watches eagerly for the coming of the President.

Most of the strangers expect to behold him arrive in the glory of the equipage they have read about, and they scan all approaching carriages to get the first glimpse of the much-discussed liveried coachman and footman with beaver hats resplendent in the tricolor cockade, their coats glinting with yellow and green, and with trousers of cream doeskin and patent-leather Wellington boots

THE "LITTLE DUTCH CHURCH" ATTENDED BY PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

In the mean time about fifty of the throng have been admitted to the church. Now comes the President, trailing no unnecessary glory, and hurrying as if to keep a tardy appointment. In reality he is always promptly on time. Sometimes he is accompanied by Miss Alice, occasionally by Mrs. Roosevelt (whose regular place of worship is St. John's), and almost always by his side or close in his wake skips little Archibald or Kermit, sturdily imitating his father's imperial pace. Not infrequently the President is accompanied by guests, and at times the eight places in his pew have been filled.

The sermon and service over, the pastor, who before the President's arrival stands at the door welcoming members and visitors, now descends and extends the same friendly greeting to the President and to any others who chanced to enter after he had taken his place in the pulpit. Returning the President renews his vigorous pace, but has no appointed route, either coming or going, much to the disappointment of amateur photographers who lie in wait for him.

President Roosevelt is a deep student of the Bible and Bunyan is one of his favorite authors. It is reported that a reply he made to a celebrated woman novelist, who was not so well grounded in the faith of the fathers as might have been expected, hurried her in some chagrin the next day to her bookshelves.

"Tell me, Mr. President," she is said to have asked, "what character in fiction comes nearest to your ideal of what a man should be?"

"Great-heart," replied the President. "In my estimation he is the loftiest figure living and moving in letters."

"I am afraid I am not so well up on modern fiction as I thought I was," ventured the lady.

The President's good natured laughter told her she was on sinking sand. "How stupid of me!" she hurried to say. "One of the old Pagan heroes, of course, whom I have forgot. Where shall I find him?"

"In the Delectable Mountains," laughed the President, turning to other guests pressing for recognition

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D 1728

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 174 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728 and was printed and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company

¶It is those who are content to be average men that keep the average down.

¶Chamberlain does all he can to glorify the war. At the same time he wants the war to glorify Chamberlain

¶The wise politician, who puts himself in the hands of his friends, keeps his own hands to guard his pockets.

¶Mont Pelee was the undoing of the yellow journal artists, who drew pictures of the eruption from descriptions sent by cable when the cable was broken.

¶Obedience is one thing, servility is another, and the man who is always bowing and scraping to his employer never raises himself either in his own manhood or in his employer's estimation.

¶Between those who wish we had not gone to the Philippines and those who wish we could get away from them, the average citizen jogs along in the middle of the road and hopes that home prosperity will keep up its pace.

The Fourth Dimension of a Job

MR. SCHWAB set out for the Presidency of the Steel Trust on the driver's seat of a grocery wagon; Mr. Roosevelt started for the Presidency of the United States from Harvard University. But even if Mr. Schwab had been able to announce his coming into the business world with a college yell, and Mr. Roosevelt had been forced by poverty into a seat on the delivery wagon, there is small doubt that, in the end, each would have turned up somewhere near the place in which he stands to-day—the first a millionaire; the second a public man. For, from the first, each had a mind of his own and a backbone that did not bend.

All roads lead to success for the Schwabs and the Roosevelts—the young men of character and determination whose

ambitions and ideals crystallize early; who, as boys, can see the course and the goal. And all vehicles, from milk wagons to automobiles, look alike to them if they are going their way.

Bill White, who masquerades in the magazines as William Allen White, has proved that a Kansas editor, even if he knows all his subscribers by their first names, will be heard from one end of the country to the other when he has something to say. And he will get the floor as quickly as the fellow who believes that his weight on the tip end of Manhattan keeps the continent from turning turtle.

When Elkins, the Philadelphia millionaire, walked along Broad Street a poor boy, he picked out a corner lot and said: "Here I will build my house." And there, years later, he built. He began life with a concrete picture of a brownstone front on Broad Street before him, and he started right out to hunt for building material

Men of this make need no advice and little sympathy. They could find water in the Arizona desert and raise wheat in the Bad Lands. Sometimes they get an education in college and sometimes they get one in a hall-bedroom when their salary has stopped for the day. It makes no difference how or where; they get one. Like the rest of us, they are creatures of circumstance and environment, but, if they don't fancy the circumstances, they change them, and, if their environment is unpleasant, they move around the corner where it is more to their liking.

But a good many young men—in fact, most young men—do not start out with so clear an idea of what they wish to accomplish. They may have just as brilliant possibilities latent in them, but as boys they do not develop directness of purpose and sureness of plan.

Every mail brings us letters from fellows in school and just out of it who are floundering around trying to discover what they ought to do or what they can do in the world. Sometimes these letters are from young men who have made a first hit-or-miss venture into business and have missed They tell us something of their education, something of their personality, and ask us to diagnose their cases and to write success prescriptions for them.

Medicine cannot be practiced by mail, and failure cannot be cured with a few pink pellets of advice for poor people—easy to give and pleasant to take. But there are certain simple and fundamental rules of health which may be safely laid down for all men; and there are certain vital rules of conduct which should be followed by all beginners in business

Every job has three fixed dimensions—Character, Carefulness and Common-sense. Without them a boy will almost

surely fail; with them it is not certain that he will succeed. The fourth dimension of a job is X—the unknown quantity in success. It is what the Schwabs and Roosevelts have, and what the uncertain and the undecided have not. Some men are born with it; more develop it; and yet others do not have it and cannot get it.

It defies definition; yet some of its properties we know; and the most important of them is Initiative. The man with initiative is the one who combines thinking and doing. He begins as the boy who is ready. He becomes the clerk who learns; the salesman who holds old and discovers new trade; the manager who saves and improves; the junior partner who sees to-morrow's dangers and plans for next month's possibilities. And he ends as the Boss.

This brings us back to first principles. There can be no great success without consecration and there can be no consecration without a call—whether it be to preach or to sell Until a man feels this call he cannot step into the world of affairs with any certainty of finding himself and his place. He must first know his own mind, whether he wants to be a broker or a preacher; and no one can make it up for him.

A young man should not permit another to meddle with his future. Even his father, the one who should best understand his character and capabilities, may guide him into the wrong way—a stranger almost surely will. But he may be helped to know himself, to find his work in the world, and this is the first duty of a father and the chief end of a college education.

The Crowning of the King

THE approaching coronation of Edward VII promises to be a thing worth seeing. A good American may almost be excused for wishing that we had something of the sort in this country, and if we ever do have a coronation it will be a hummer! If we could have it now, what a Gracious Refulgent Keeper of the King's Conscience Mr. Mark Hanna would make Think of Mr. Chauncey Depew as Lord High Earl Marshal of the Royal Brass Band. And Mr. Bryan, how he would shine as a Gentleman in Waiting.

There has been some fault found by uneasy persons because we are going to be specially and adequately represented at the coronation; or, if represented, that our representatives are not going to wear their every-day clothes. But these persons are few in number. Of course we should be represented, and our representatives must be properly appareled If knee-breeches are the thing, then it must be knee-breeches. We have risen above kings, certainly, and know the hollowness of the monarchical form of government, but we must be courteous to the benighted peoples who haven't.

The coronation is going to be a good thing for London, and especially for the folks who own a window along the line of the parade. To have two windows must mean a competence, and a house front of windows promises a fortune. Even the happy individual who has a knot-hole which he can rent to be peeped through, say by a wealthy citizen of some enlightened republic, is in the way of having his purse made much heavier. Few notes of discord are heard while the preparations for the event are going on. Perhaps one of the most serious is that an enterprising German has made several hundred thousand coronets out of tin and other uncoronal metals which he intends to sell at sixpence, or thereabouts, and the London newspapers fear that every 'Arry and 'Arriet will be wearing one.

The Passing of a College Tradition

THE announcement made recently in the daily press that four of the largest dormitories for students at Cambridge had passed into one control under a declaration of trust is significant. It marks an opportunity missed which it is doubtful if the American Universities can ever regain.

Before the astonishing growth of recent years began our universities housed almost all their own scholars. To live with one's fellows inside the college precincts, "in the yard," as they said at Cambridge, was the ambition of every matriculate. There were the traditions of older classes cherished, there went on the "college life" one had heard of; one's big brother had lived there before one. Certain dormitories in the succession of unquestioned tradition went by right to certain classes. When you became a senior you flocked with other seniors in your own hall at the upper end of the green and from the window of your seniority looked down upon the underclassmen. To sleep outside the gate was to be indeed a stranger—not quite an outcast, but a sort of borderland pariah, admitted to the citizenship of the college because under college jurisdiction, but on probation and with a tinge of pity and contempt. The boy at boarding-school has the same feeling for the day pupil

And now it appears that "the four largest and most popular"—it might be added, the wealthiest—dormitories for students at Cambridge have passed into one control, and that control not a university control.

The reason for this revolutionary change lies in the rapid increase of wealth among the students and their great growth in numbers. Alma Mater has had quite all she could do to feed such of her children as cared for the hospitality of her commons, and to provide all of them with instruction and with recitation-rooms, without looking to their lodgings or their luxuries. The colleges were poor and loaded with scholarships. Their dormitories were inadequately heated—often by open grates only—and poorly supplied with conveniences. (Until recent years the gymnasium had the only baths, and those were showers.) Private capital saw the opportunity and gathered together in compact bodies all the stragglers lost in uncomfortable corners at Mrs. Brown's and Mrs. Hagan's; gave them tessellated baths and swimming pools, good janitor service, steam heat, open fires, reading and assembly rooms—in short, a very passable imitation of a genuine college comradeship, and a much greater comfort and convenience.

The day was won. With comfort came wealth, with wealth position, with time associations and traditions, until now the centre of undergraduate life and influence lies no longer within the academic walls. It seems a pity. A pity that so much that was genuine and fine should be lost, a pity that the dreams of a uniform college architecture and a consistent growth should be dispelled. But it looks as if we shall have to put up with it.

Men & Women of the Hour

Bullets Without Glory

MR HENRY CLAY EVANS

MR HENRY CLAY EVANS, Chief of the Pension Bureau since 1897, but recently appointed Consul-General at London, was telling not long ago of a boastful veteran who lived near the Commissioner's birthplace in Pennsylvania

"The old fellow," said Mr Evans, "used to boast, whenever he could get any one to listen to him, about the pound of Confederate lead he carried in his leg.

"No subject ever came up in his presence that he couldn't drag round to one or more of the many battles wherein he had fought with unparalleled bravery.

"He had had some trouble in getting a pension from an ungrateful Republic, and he determined, finally, to go to Washington and discover why, in the name of eternal justice, no reward was forthcoming to a warrior who carried about in his leg a pound of the enemy's ammunition

"In his excitement in getting started he stumbled in front of a carriage, was run over, and one of his legs was so badly fractured that it had to be amputated.

"It happened to be the member celebrated in his proud reminiscences, and the surgeon explored the severed limb

"Sure enough, not far from a dozen bullets were exhumed, but when the man of science made a further announcement the grizzled warrior's glory suffered eclipse

"'I find,' was the surgeon's report, 'that all of the bullets entered this man's leg from behind.'"

The Man from Worcester

President Schwab, of the United States Steel Corporation, during the course of an address delivered recently at a banquet of the Worcester, Massachusetts, Chamber of Commerce, told a story that the reporters overlooked, but which is too good to be lost. He was making clear the general estimate in which the shrewdness of Worcester's business men is held

"We had a superintendent at Homestead," said Mr. Schwab, "an exceptionally bright man, whom we sent on a tour of New England to see what he could find there in the way of new devices and improved methods Among other places he visited was Worcester, where he remained more than a month. Shortly after his return he received a hurry call in the middle of the day from his home. His youngest son, he was told, had swallowed a coin and was choking to death. Much to my surprise, the superintendent was back at work again within an hour. I asked him how the boy was

"'Oh, he's all right,' was the cheery answer

"'Then the case was not as serious as your wife thought?' I suggested

"'Yes, it was serious enough,' he said, 'the boy was almost black in the face when I arrived. But I happened to remember that there was a young doctor from Worcester, who had set up shop in our neighborhood only a short time ago, and I sent for him. In a jiffy he had the boy all right.'

"'How was it,' I asked, 'that you didn't send for your regular doctor?'

"'Because I knew that if anybody on earth could get that quarter out of the boy it was a man from Worcester.'"

The Grove of Kushaqua

Dr. W. Seward Webb, whose name has been filling the newspapers recently in connection with the affairs of a syndicate in Wall Street, has great talent as a railroad builder One of his achievements was the construction of the Adirondack and St. Lawrence Railroad cutting through the heart of the great New York wilderness

During the building of this road Doctor Webb became very much interested in the location of a hotel at Lake Kushaqua, an extremely beautiful spot. He ordered a section gang to clear the grounds all about the hotel, and to lay out a smooth, level lawn The foreman in charge of this gang was an Irishman. In the course of his labor he came upon an enormous boulder. To remove this rock would have involved more labor than he was inclined to give to the job, so he covered the rock with earth and laid over this a carpet of turf

About two months later Doctor Webb came to Lake Kushaqua and his eyes fell upon the mound. He called the foreman sharply to task

"Didn't I tell you," he said, "to level this ground?"

"Yes, sir," replied the foreman

"Then why didn't you do it? What is this hummock doing here?"

"That hummock?" repeated the foreman, sparring for time; "why, I didn't think you would want that hummock removed. When we lifted the rock we found some bones under it, and one of the Indians around here, whom we asked, told us that it was the grave of the great Chief Kushaqua. So I thought you would probably want us to leave it

The man received Doctor Webb's commendation for his thoughtfulness, and to this day the hummock is pointed out to visitors at the hotel as the grave of Kushaqua, to the great glee of the natives thereabouts.

Roosevelt's Wrestling Lesson

President Roosevelt, it is said, is much interested in the demonstrations of the science of Japanese wrestling which have been given at the capital for some months by an American athlete recently returned from the Orient. This recalls the fact that while serving as Governor of the State of New York the news came out of Albany that he was having a daily bout at the executive mansion with an athletic instructor. These bouts came to a sudden end, but why has never been told, because the interesting story is known to a very few

The man who gave Governor Roosevelt his daily wrestle was called away to New Orleans. The Governor was not inclined to give up his wrestling, which had done him a great deal of good, and so he asked the "professor" if he could not find a substitute The instructor sent up a brawny Irish longshoreman to whom he had taught the "science," and recommended him to the Governor's consideration.

At the usual hour the next day the mat was spread on the top floor of the Governor's mansion, and Mr. Roosevelt and the longshoreman went at it. Unfortunately, the longshoreman had not been trained in the art of self-control, and instead of the gentle and scientific resistance which the "professor" had offered, he went at the Governor fiercely.

In an instant Mr. Roosevelt's fighting-blood was up, and for about twenty minutes there was a fine exhibition of wrestling

Finally, however, the big longshoreman's brawn, coupled with the science imparted to him by the "professor," told, and told disastrously. The Governor was flung violently. The crash almost shook the rafters.

In an instant Mr. Roosevelt was on his feet again, ready to go ahead. Suddenly he felt a twinge of pain in his right side. With much reluctance he concluded that perhaps he had had enough for one day. The pain in his side grew worse after he had once more donned his ordinary attire, and toward nightfall a doctor was sent for. An examination disclosed the fact that three ribs had been broken, and further wrestling was strictly forbidden.

The Speechless Telegraph

Guglielmo Marconi, the inventor of the wireless telegraph, is as keen a student of human nature as he is of electrical phenomena. Just before he sailed from New York for Europe, recently, he was telling about the anxious moments spent at St. Johns, Newfoundland, while he was waiting for the first signals to come in across the hundreds of miles of sea. The experience, he said, reminded him of the remark made by a fisherman in Cornwall, when the wireless telegraph station was first set up there

That station is surrounded by a large number of high poles and looks something like a big circus ring before the canvas is stretched over it

An English lady, visiting that part of Cornwall and not knowing what was going on, was very curious to know what the huge skeleton construction meant. The only person she could see was this fisherman, who, in response to her question, said:

Well, mum, I can't tell you exactly what it is, but they do say that it is the new speechless telegraph of the young Hitalian called Marconi

Mr. Marconi said he didn't think the information could have done the lady much good, but while he was waiting in Newfoundland, hour after hour, to get communication with Cornwall across the weary waste of sea, the fisherman's definition of his system struck him as being peculiarly pat and happy, for anything more "speechless" than that telegraph instrument proved for so many days it would have been hard to imagine

An Audience With Edison

Mr. Thomas A. Edison is one of the hardest workers in this country. He is never willing to leave his laboratory. The only way Mrs. Edison ever manages to get him to go to his home, when he is engaged on a problem, is to come after him.

He has a military bed in a room specially set apart for his own use, and here he stays sometimes for days at a time. He hardly stops even to eat and his meals are sent to him at the laboratory

A good story is told which illustrates his devotion to work. A man who desired an interview on an important matter went to see Mr. Edison one day. He found the inventor in a dentist's chair, undergoing a painful operation on his teeth

"I should like to speak to you a few moments on a very important subject, Mr. Edison," the visitor said

"All right. Go ahead and talk. But I cannot afford to give both you and the dentist a separate engagement," replied Mr. Edison at intervals while the dentist was working

The spectacle was a curious one, to see the veteran inventor lying on his back in the laboratory, with the dentist grinding away at his teeth, and at the same time listening to the words of his visitor, and occasionally making comments on the subject under discussion

Mr. Edison has always been very jealous of his time, and expects his employees to be equally careful lest a single minute that might yield an important invention should slip by

A year or two ago, an old friend, whose son was just starting out in life, called upon Mr. Edison and presented his son

"My boy," said the friend, "is about to start on his business career. Now, I would like you to give him a few words of advice, and a motto which he can adopt in his work."

Mr. Edison was very busy at the time with half a dozen engagements pressing. But, looking up at the big dial of the clock in the laboratory, and shaking the young man's hand warmly, he said, with a smile that is peculiarly his own

"Young man, the best advice I can give you is, Never look at the clock."

Bethea and the Red-Heads

MR. SOLOMON BETHEA

LEGAL action against the alleged Beef Trust calls attention to Mr. Solomon Hicks Bethea, United States District Attorney in Chicago, and formerly Mayor of Dixon, Illinois.

Mr. Bethea has a special fondness for red haired boys. When he sees one upon the street he seldom fails to remark upon the fact.

"There," he often says, "is a boy that has a hard time of it. I know from my own experience. People say red headed boys have bad tempers. If so, it's because of the extra knocks and gibes they get."

A short time ago, when Mr. Bethea was visiting in Dixon, he ran across a red-haired urchin who blacked boots and did other odd jobs about the hotel. Placing his hand upon the boy's shoulder he said

Son, you've got red hair. Let's take a vacation to-day. Pile into the buggy here, and we'll make a day of it."

When the boy was again seen about the hotel he was attired in a new suit of clothes and his companions learned that he had spent a long free day on Mr. Bethea's farm, where he had "filled up" to his heart's desire

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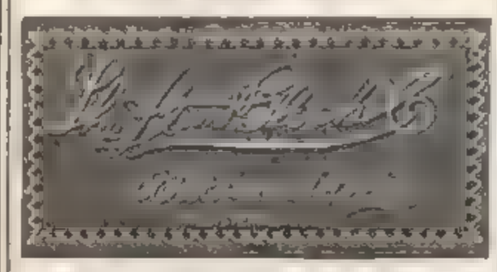

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The Art of Exercise

By Eustace H. Miles, M.A.

Amateur Racquets Champion—Honours Coach, Cambridge University

THERE is no need to enlarge on the benefits of proper exercise; there is no need to detail how it increases the breathing capacity, and thus helps to prevent or cure consumption; how it helps to get rid of the acid waste products and impurities of city life; how it moves and energizes the organs as well as the limbs of the body. It helps to make a man more manly, and, if care be taken in the selection and use of movements, a woman more womanly. There is less need of such praise of exercise to-day than there has ever been before; in fact, there is a perfect craze for what is called "physical development." Lecturers are lecturing and teachers are teaching all over the country; strong men" are lifting impossible weights gymnasts are displaying impossible muscles.

In exercising, as in teaching, the keynote must be interest. Of course, one's duty toward one's self and one's neighbors—for health is as contagious as disease—should of itself be sufficient inducement. Health, as the result of good exercise, should enable us to do more work and better work, and thus to earn more money, and to have more time for self-improvement; and all this with less effort. And it is a commonplace that better health means greater happiness. Nor can greater health possibly do one atom of harm to any other person. Healthiness is one of the most innocent of all the virtues.

But apparently the mere desire for health has not yet given exercise sufficient interest and attraction; partly perhaps because the commonest forms of exercise do not often produce the results which they are supposed to produce; but chiefly because the desire to make money in the most obvious way is more interesting and more attractive

The Value of Pleasant Exercise

It is probable that the desire to see the muscles growing, to display huge biceps and triceps and chest, will attract more people than the desire for health and for the fruits of health. The man who is ill or slack or restless cannot imagine to himself what calm and yet energetic health really is so long as disease or dis-ease pervades his being. But he *can* imagine what a huge muscle would look like. It seems to him a thing to be proud of. Let him use dumb-bells, or one of the many forms of exercisers, and he will see his muscle grow larger almost day by day. He will feel it become larger and harder; he will be able to lift heavier weights with less effort. The appeal is to the two powerful senses, the sight and the touch. How can one possibly appeal to the sense of health? Each individual should have this as a very real and very distinct sense, though it be not mentioned in any physiological textbooks: how can one appeal to this sense with an ill person? It seems next to impossible.

And the exercise of the brain is far more fascinating while it lasts, and far more pocket-satisfying in its results, than the exercise of muscles in the ordinary fashion of the physical culturists.

Let us see whether there may not be some system which shall be interesting—so interesting that people will try it, and, when they have tried it for a few months, so pleasant that they will continue it regularly.

It is obvious that exercise for busy people should take the minimum of time. Half an hour on end is too much to demand unless one has a special object in view—for instance, some athletic competition. That, of course, will be an inducement to thousands to keep themselves in fit condition. The games and athletics themselves are so exciting that we can easily spend an hour a day over them, they may develop every side of us, physical and hygienic, moral, social and (if they be practiced rightly) æsthetic, and intellectual also. Not the least charm of many forms of games is that, during them, the player is hitting something; that primitive instinct which seems to be best satisfied by fighting is turned into a more harmless channel in games, whether one strikes a ball or kicks a ball. Surely this is one of the charms of play. It is a relic of barbarism, but still one of the most valuable factors in modern civilization and intercourse. Deprive Englishmen of the games in which they hit or kick something, and where is their national health and social companionship and with them their national success?

Stimulating Versus Tiresome Exercises

Exercise should not only be short, unless it be extremely interesting, but it should also increase the feeling of happiness and vigor almost, if not quite, immediately. When we ask why people take drugs and stimulants, the answer undoubtedly is, not so much because of the taste as because of the physiological effect. The after-feeling is satisfactory. And here is the fatal objection to exercises of strain, especially for the young, whose heart and arteries are of a different relative size from the heart and arteries of older people. The young are not meant to strain themselves, nor to practice feats of endurance. Every one would really seek exercise far more frequently if he were sure that its almost instantaneous effect would be a nerve-tonic. Now, to lift a fifty pound dumb-bell is not a nerve-tonic. Think of the effort it requires; think of how it stops the circulation and produces tension. It is scarcely possible that this can be good for the brain, except as an occasional variety. No: what we need is a sharp, brisk movement with a snap, a movement that shall not demand persistent effort and exertion, a movement which shall make us feel *brisk*.

French Gymnastic Drills

Such a movement is found in the drill of certain French soldiers. Look at this large hall full of men, how mad they seem! At intervals one or another will call out sharply "*Un deux*," and after the words his arm or his leg will shoot out with a fast jerk. Such movements do not leave the person with a feeling of heaviness and sorrow; they are *voluntary*. Each individual is left to choose his own movements, though, of course, he has already been told what are the best movements—for instance, what are the most preferable movements of the large muscles of the body—the swing of the body, the shooting out of the leg hither or thither, the full contraction of this or that limb in this or that direction. Let us take one single example from the Macdonald Smith fast full-movement system. It can be made with a sharp call of "One-two." The exercise must be carried to the full extent of the muscles in both directions. About 170 pairs of muscles can be exercised in less than ten minutes by this class of movement.

Right Shoulder-Blade. Place the right hand behind the back, keeping the palm turned toward the body, and brace the right shoulder-blade toward the spine. The hand must be kept behind the back and the shoulder-blade braced to the spine throughout the whole of the exercise. Now push the right hand straight downward as far as is possible, which is effected by the full contraction of muscles which pull down the shoulder-blade (first position). Now, keeping arm still behind the back and shoulder-blade braced, raise the shoulder-blade as far toward the neck as possible, bending the head backward till it feels to be meeting the top of the shoulder-blade (second position). You will observe that this second position is precisely that made by a child when tickled on the neck. Pass quickly from the first to the second position and back again, and repeat the double movement eight times.

Left Shoulder-Blade. When one is quite familiar with the above exercise it will be found easy to perform it similarly with the left shoulder-blade, repeating the movement eight times as before.

How Exercise Purifies the Blood

The advantage of these full movements is that they empty the small capillaries. Out of these capillaries is squeezed, as out of a sponge, the more or less impure blood. Into them immediately flows the more or less pure blood, and thus the muscles are nourished. For, as a great authority has said, "the health of a muscle depends not merely on the amount of exercise but rather on the amount of proper nourishment that it has."

So much for what we may call the fast full-movements for most of the muscles of the body. The two sides should be exercised independently.

We now come to a set with an altogether different effect; with the effect not so much of intellectual, (and if we may say so) moral

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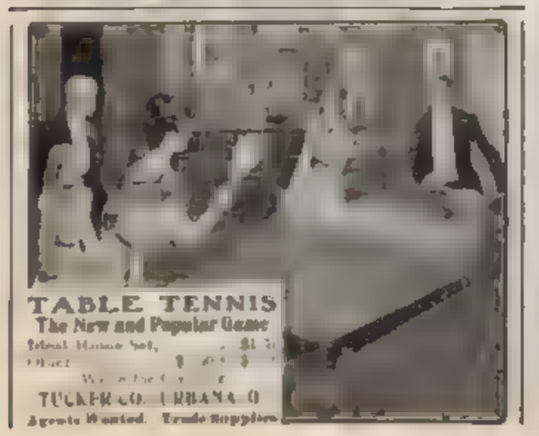

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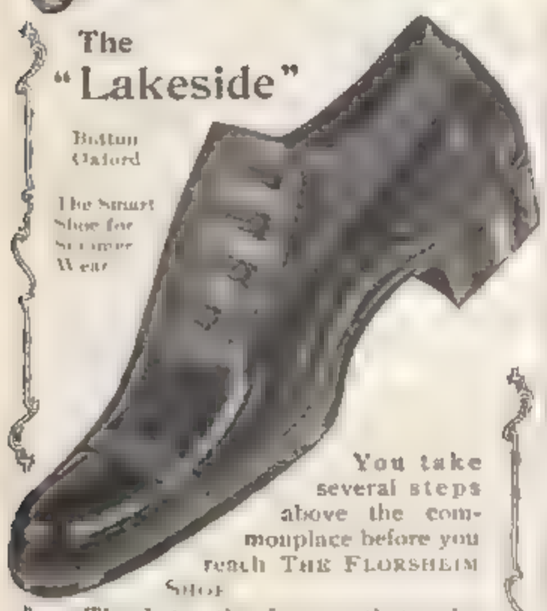

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and spiritual briskness and alertness, but with the effect of freedom and expansion. The extensions and stretchings of the limbs are not only *made*, as in this system, but are also *kept*. Let the person stand on one foot, let the other leg be stretched out behind him as far as it will go. Let the middle toe be the toe that is stretched out farthest of all. Now let the arms be stretched out as far as they will go, one in front of the body and the other behind it. Here, again, the middle finger should be the finger that strives to reach out farthest. Next let the right arm be turned and twisted round, first in one direction and then in the other, the middle finger always pointing in the same direction while the other fingers revolve round it. Then let the left arm be similarly twisted round. In modern life we are cooped up in rooms, and cramped by pieces of furniture and other impediments. How seldom we stretch out freely in any direction, either with our arms or with our legs, or even with our heads. Many of us are bent up; and *as the body, so the mind*. We need opening out. Actors on a stage do not feel a sense of ceiling above them and walls around them. Out in the country we have no such sensations—we are free. But the habit of the room still persists; we do not expand ourselves unconsciously, and so we must expand ourselves *consciously* as a social effort, as one does instinctively after a long spell of sitting. One yawns, and extends the arms, and pulls them back as far as they will go, and feels the better for it. We need to do this frequently as a special art to counteract the narrowing effects of crowded city life.

Corrective Exercises

Not only should the exercises be quickly over, unless they be as interesting as most games and athletics are, not only should they be a nerve-tonic by their briskness, not only should they be full, not only should the limbs be held for an appreciable time at their full extent, but the most important parts of the body should be attended to—none should be neglected. Absolute completeness is out of the question, at least, few would think it worth while. What we need is independent development of the most useful parts of the body, and independent control of those parts so that when we are buttoning a collar we shall not exercise ten unnecessary muscles. We must do things correctly, and be master of each part of ourselves. We must take especial pains to develop those muscles which in our daily life we use least of all. Each should make his own list. Some use their right arm to excess: let these use their left arm in order to preserve equilibrium. He who has to sit should take care that he stands and runs and kicks also whenever he gets the chance. These *supplementary* and *corrective* movements are very important in these days of specialization, days in which some people seem to use few muscles except those of their fingers and their faces.

Completeness is important, but equally important is economy of movement. We must not only be able to direct this or that part of our body, but we must be able to keep still and to relax all the other parts at will. The power to relax any given part of ourselves is almost a lost power to day. How few of us can relax our hands and arms, our legs, our spines? We are all tense. We are like pokers, or stiff ropes tied into knots. Such firmness and rigidity has its proper value in its own good season, but it is using up nervous energy. Of this there can be no shadow of doubt. While we are writing with our arm and hand, what need is there to sit tight and to twist our feet about and to contract the muscles of our faces? Why not keep these still? Why lose energy through them? And so exercises of muscular relaxing, exercises of calm repose, during which each muscle is made limp and the channels of the body are freely opened, are absolutely essential to the art of exercising. They have been described in another article. Here it will be sufficient to say that the body is most freely relaxed as one breathes slowly outward after a deep and full breath inward and upward through the nose.

To Attain Grace and Surety

Without relaxing of the unused muscles gracefulness cannot possibly exist. The highest expression of beauty is in repose, and the art of exercising cannot be complete without attention to gracefulness. And gracefulness also depends on the right *order* of movements. Let us take a simple example. You are going to lift your arm: how do you do it? You want, perhaps, to take something from a bracket high up on the wall. Do you realize that there is a proper order in the using of the muscles for this purpose? Let us divide the correct movement into its various parts. First lift the shoulder, then turn the elbow outward and upward, the hand is hanging down loosely still. Then move the forearm upward (the hand is hanging down loosely still); now raise the hand itself, and you have the series as it should be. In bringing the arm back again, first drop the hand, then bring the forearm down, then the elbow in and down toward the side, and then the shoulder down. Violate this order and you probably cease to be graceful: practice this order and it soon becomes a habit. Let there be firmness at the centres, as Delsarte said, and freedom at the extremities.

What need to describe the daily life of an average person? How utterly hopeless it seems from the point of view of hygiene! Yet how many will give it up for that reason? Not one in a hundred, not one in a thousand. We must be content, therefore, to do what we can, to advise what we can. Whenever there is an opportunity, let fresh-air, brisk, full-movements, extended positions, relaxed positions and movements, be diligently practiced, not with anxiety and care, but with a smile on the face.

During the exercises the greatest possible amount of oxygen should be taken in. Exercise in a stuffy room would be almost worse than useless. The body should also have the minimum of clothing and the maximum of light, which powerfully affects the skin and the whole system. The historical case of the hospitals at St. Petersburg proves this beyond shadow of doubt. Sir James Wylie, late physician to the Czar of Russia, found that when the rooms were properly lighted the number of cures was *three times greater* than when the rooms were dark. This led to a complete revolution in Russian hospital lighting with excellent result. Dr. James C. Jackson and Dr. Forbes Winslow and others give no less striking statistics, the latter attributing anæmia, pallor, waxy-colored shrunken skin, muscular weakness, nervous excitability, etc., largely to lack of light, and especially of sunlight. For my own part, I like to take air and light baths for at least an hour daily when I am in training for any amateur championship and have—as I always have—to keep up constant brain work as well.

Let the exercises be followed by some water treatments. Let warm water be used for cleansing purposes; let it be followed by soaping, then by washing, then by cool or cold sponging, for the sake less of cleanliness than of vigor. Last of all should come brisk rubbing with a not too hard towel.

In doing exercises it is important to remember not only the above rules, but also that the simple movements should precede the complex movements; that the simple movements should be repeated with full concentration of mind, and with as much regularity of time as is possible; that the increase should be gradual (I mean the increase in the number of movements and therefore in the endurance, in the pace of the movements, in the promptitude and variety of them).

Temperament and Individuality

Last, but not least, let account be taken of individuality. Different ages require different sets of exercises. The young should have many quick exercises, not long but short, and at frequent intervals. As men and women grow older they become more fitted for feats of strength and endurance. Let inclination be taken into account. The nationality should also be considered, and the locality. As to nationality, if one were prescribing for a Hindu one would urge him to do brisk exercises to excess. If one were prescribing for an American of the ordinary kind, one would urge him to do relaxing exercises to excess. But there is no such thing as a uniform American nation, apart from such general characteristics as good nature and open-minded readiness to try new things.

Each individual must be a guide to himself. On the principles laid down in this article it should be possible for each, after careful examination, to make a special system which shall not only prepare him for his daily life, but which shall also supplement that daily life so that physical and some mental and moral all-roundness may be the result.

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Longfellow's Counsel To a Youth at College

Extracts from the Notebook of Thomas B. Bryan

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

CAMBRIDGE, March 2, 1849

NOT satisfied with seeing Mr. Longfellow in the lecture-room, I ventured to make an evening call on our poet-professor at his own home, the Craigie house, of historic association, it having once been Washington's headquarters

My chum was to have gone with me, but he backed out. My first experience with cowardice since I left home was at Professor Longfellow's door, as I bethought myself of the insufferable nuisance it would be to a studious and scholarly professor, and the great loss of time it would entail upon him, if he were subjected to the infliction of students' social calls. But quickly all apprehension was quieted by my gracious reception, and the adroit remark that President Everett had mentioned Uncle James Barbour's having preceded him a few years as Minister to England

That naturally introduced the subject of his own experiences abroad, particularly his obligation to Alexander Everett, Minister to Spain, for introducing him to Washington Irving, of whom he spoke enthusiastically, both as author and as man. The intimacy between the two authors was cemented in Spain

The Professor, besides his other accomplishments, ranks first in the University as linguist, being master of many languages, though probably the number is somewhat exaggerated, as is usually the case. At any rate, he is thoroughly at home in most of the modern tongues

Longfellow's Fondness for Spanish

On my asking to which he gave preference, he replied that so many conditions had to be considered that a general or unqualified preference was scarcely to be expressed, because of the varying use and application of languages, each having its peculiar advantages. But from the tenor of his comments, his partiality for the Spanish, because of its vowel richness and beauty, was manifest.

In that connection he spoke of fabulists, and asked if I had interest in any other than Æsop. I expressed preference for La Fontaine in French and Lessing in German

"What think you of Yriarte?" he asked. I confessed my ignorance even of the name, which, at my instance, he spelled

Then taking from his library a book, whether confined to Yriarte or not I did not see, he read aloud a few verses from that Spanish fabulist with such exquisite intonation that I fully appreciated his characterization of them as of "mellifluous beauty." He added: "If it be questioned whether, as claimed, the reading of Don Quixote in the original would alone justify the study of the Spanish language, surely the addition of Yriarte to Cervantes would remove all doubt."

On my alluding to his lecturing on Dante he said that, although the topic was all that he could desire, he must confess that his college engagements during the day were sometimes irksome, because of interrupting the more congenial pursuit of authorship.

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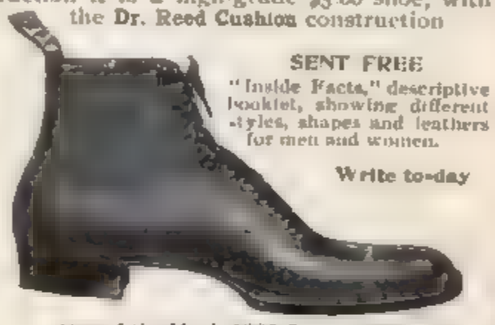

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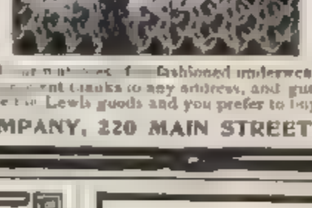

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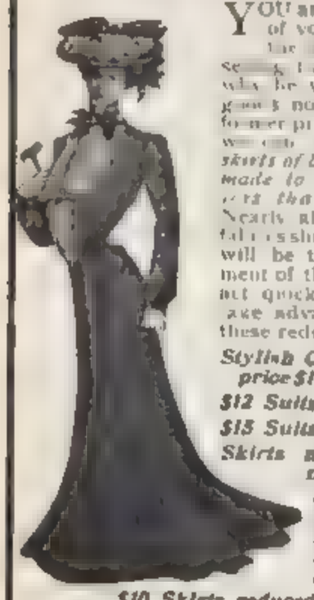

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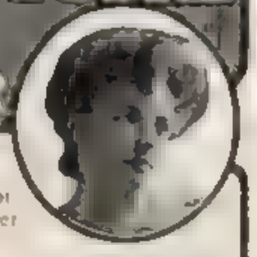

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His highest happiness was in his library the absence from which from necessity, day after day gave him now and then a feeling of exile

He said that lecturing to students was incomparably more agreeable to him than addressing an audience of the general public which, he declared, was absolutely distasteful, if not painful; and that Professor Agassiz had a like disrelish for the platform; which surprised me, after having listened with such delight to the lectures of that great naturalist

Next came the inquiry as to the impression that Cambridge had made upon me as a town

"Most favorable," I answered; "the elbow room about the cozy homes, and the general atmosphere natural to the site of a great university, render it exceedingly attractive

"But," asked the Professor, "what defects do you discover? We ought to know not only our merits, but also our demerits, as a town, in the interest of reform, as seen by fresh eyes."

This was a puzzling question, and I replied that no demerit occurred to me except the Cambridge mud, which seemed as tough for walking in as Cambridge doughnuts were for digestion. He laughed, and indorsed my complaint, saying that he welcomed every protest against the mud, and every student as a fresh recruit to battle against the authorities permitting it

The Professor asked if I enjoyed poetry, and the question was easily answered, and of course with emphasis. One poem, however, of infinite merit, I had not enjoyed, because it had served as a penalty for early violation of school rules, and I had been kept in at recess hour to commit some of its verses to memory. I wished that particular "Paradise" had been "Lost" and never "Regained."

On mentioning that, being conscious of the want of inspiration, I had resolved not to waste time attempting poetry, he said that such a resolution, if generally adopted, would increase the volume of good prose, and greatly lessen that of bad poetry

I said, then, that I occasionally indulged in the making of epigrams, and with the approval of the law professor, Greenleaf, who had indorsed my belief that the framing of epigrams would prove a pleasant and yet not unprofitable mental exercise as teaching terseness of style. The poet said that he had little doubt that such recreation might aid in acquiring conciseness of expression, and that, now and then, even a jury might be impressed with an apt and trenchant epigram

The Cardinal Virtue of Style

On my rising to go the Professor very kindly bade me remain seated, saying that he wanted to chat a little about prose, a chance of instruction that I was only too thankful to embrace

In descanting on style, he laid a great stress on simplicity as the chief feature of excellence, and said that the closer a writer's adherence to Anglo-Saxon the better: and he named as models, four: Addison, Swift, Hobbes and Cobbett. The first two I knew already, but of Hobbes or Cobbett literally nothing, and I told him so. He passed over all but Cobbett, of whom he spoke in terms that surprised me, occasioning some mortification that I was as ignorant of a great writer in my own tongue, not long since dead, as of the famous Spanish fabulist

The Professor described Cobbett as having been of inordinate self-conceit, and of a violently controversial nature. Apart from these demerits, his style the Professor pronounced unsurpassed for simplicity, yet possessing a wealth of logic, vigor and overpowering argument rarely found in any English author What seems most to have captivated our poet in the style of Cobbett is that simplicity, with raciness and force, which he says is Cobbett's own, and which is akin to directness and simplicity of character, as the poet drew the parallel

He said that sincerity and the absence of affectation he regarded as cardinal virtues, both in authorship and life

There was one suggestion of more practical value, perhaps, than any other of the Professor's timely hints. That was the keeping of a commonplace book, in which to note from time to time extracts from, or at least references to, whatever I find of special excellence in reading

This notebook plan he had known to be of great service to students. He also warmly recommended frequent translations, as promoting not only the acquisition of modern languages but also the mastery of our own

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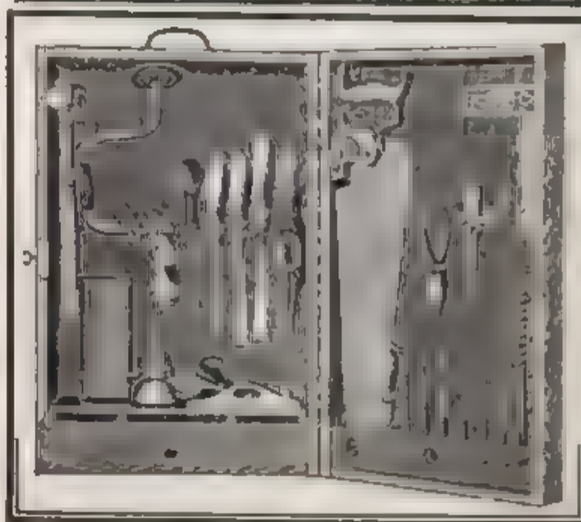

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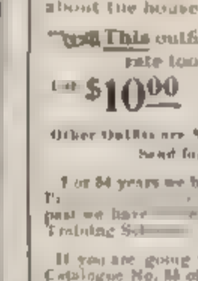

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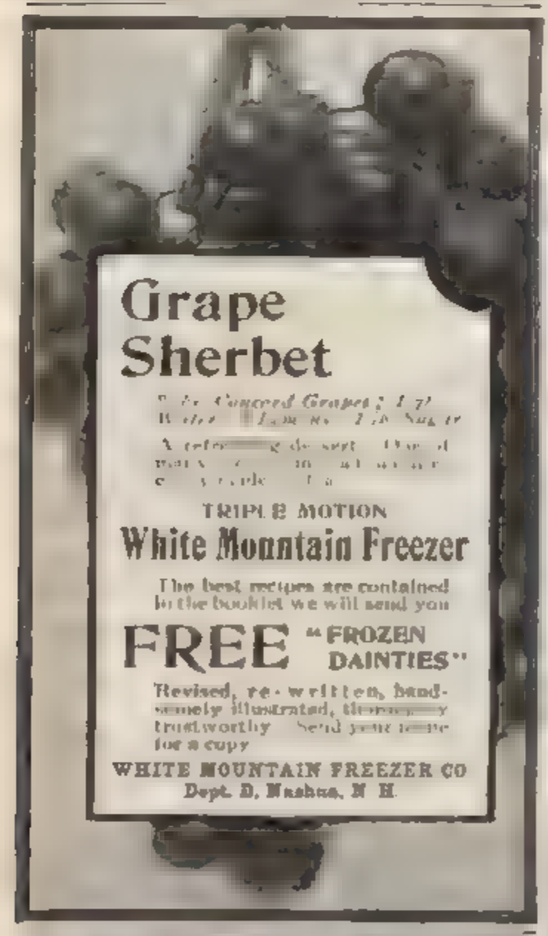

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A Story of New York

Mr. Robert Shackleton, the author of Many Waters *(D. Appleton & Co.)*, has written a novel in which nobody says "S'death," or "By my halidom," or even "Zounds," and in which none of the characters has so much as a speaking acquaintance with Richard Cœur de Lion or Henry of Navarre. He has told about people who live in the little old town of New York.

And it must be confessed that Mr Shackleton's hazardous feat has been performed with success. It appears that people who live in flats with tiled bathrooms and open plumbing can be made just as interesting as people who used to wear chain armor and live in castles without any bathrooms at all

The atmosphere in Many Waters is that of the "new journalism." The two heroes are both newspaper men, and the strange mixture of squalor and power, of high purpose and unscrupulous device, of remorseless grind and delightful freedom, of hard indifference and welling sympathy, which makes Park Row such a fascinating mystery, is set forth with the knowledge and sympathy of one who has felt its magnetic spell

If the world had been all made up of newspaper people there would have been no story for Mr. Shackleton to write, for then there would have been no discontent in the Harlem Eden, the people would have continued to ascend happily to their flats in the dumbwaiters when they had left their keys inside, John Shotterly and his wife would not have slammed their company dinner upon the same convenient apparatus for the delectation of the janitor when they quarreled about the guests, Mrs. Shotterly would not have accepted a diamond sunburst from an admirer and said she won it at a whist party, and the joyous Shotterly home would not have been engulfed in a black tragedy. It was the intrusion of a millionaire that brought all this trouble, and if Mr. Shackleton had accomplished no more than to show the harm that may be worked by the contemplation of millions on the part of those who do not own them and have no legitimate means of getting them, his work would have been well worth while.

But let us not fall into the error of imagining that Many Waters is a gloomy book, or one obtrusively written with a moral. On the contrary it is light and glowing with good humor. Probably it is the story of Marshall Hartford, and not primarily of Shotterly at all, since Hartford is alive at the end and pour Shotterly is dead. From this point of view it is not a tragedy, but a genial love story, shadowed by passing clouds like an April landscape, but with a happy ending.

Mr. Shackleton's title is found in the Song of Songs: "Many waters cannot quench love." —*Samuel E. Moffett.*

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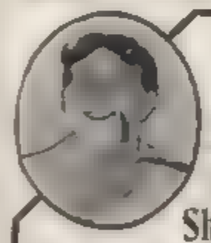

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Mr. William Sage, author of Robert Tournay, now sends forth The Claybornes *(Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)* to join the unending procession of tales of the Civil War. It is typical of its class. Judge Clayborne, of Richmond, has two sons, one a West Pointer who remains true to his colors, one who is equally loyal to the traditions of the South. The usual complications follow—upbraidings, estrangements, love affairs, battles, adventures, and what not. The female spy, without which no book of this type would be complete, flits through Mr. Sage's pages.

It is a grateful change from the atmosphere of sword-and-doublet fiction to the pure, thin air to be found in The Country God Forgot *(Little, Brown & Co.)*. The central theme of this sparkling Arizona tale is the hatred of a wealthy old settler for his only son; but Miss Frances Charles has written so crisply, and with such irrepressible and piquant good nature, that, even had she neglected to weave a plot into her story it would still be quite as readable as most of the fiction of the day. The author is a deft phrase-maker and her pages glitter with epigrams and glow with humor.

Mr. Davis and the Office-Boy

That Mr. Richard Harding Davis is kind-hearted and generous is well known to those who have had occasion to know him closely. One who was associated with the novelist when he was connected with a great New York publishing house, says:

"The minor employees about the building who had to do with Mr. Davis, and the office-boys, simply idolized him. I remember an instance that, to my mind, especially illustrates this point in his character.

"It was the night before a Fourth of July and the editors were leaving the building. One, passing out just in front of Mr. Davis, said to one of the boys:

"'Good-night, Jimmy; and be careful not to burn yourself to-morrow!'

"'Good-night, Jimmy,' said Mr. Davis; 'here's two dollars. Be sure and have a good time to-morrow!'"

The Stoddards' Golden Year

This year marks the golden wedding anniversary of Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard, the distinguished poet, and his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Drew Barstow Stoddard. Mrs. Stoddard, like her husband, is herself an author, having some years ago written several novels of distinction, which, published in a new edition, a year or so ago, attracted much attention to their really notable literary qualities.

The couple are passing the sunset of their days in the little home in an old-fashioned part of New York City, where they have lived for years. The house is just off Stuyvesant Square—a park that was once a centre of wealth and fashion. The dignified St. George's Church, with its twin clock towers, looks out over flowers and fountains; beside it stand a cluster of Quaker buildings, gravely and sedately picturesque; and about the square there still stand some of the homes of the old-time aristocracy.

Mr. Stoddard was born in 1825 and his wife in 1823, and both are natives of Massachusetts.

Mr. Stoddard's success was not attained without stress and struggle, and it is strange to realize that in his youth he worked as an iron moulder, but even when engaged in that capacity his literary instincts asserted themselves, and he began to contribute to the newspapers. After some years he obtained a position in the Custom House, and held it for about seventeen years, thus securing a settled income and a considerable degree of leisure. Mrs. Stoddard was educated at the Wheaton Female Seminary, in Massachusetts, and her great abilities were early appreciated.

Ideal, indeed, has been their life together; a long companionship, firmly cemented by unity of tastes and pursuits, as well as by strong affection.

Many have been those famous in American literature who have passed along the grass-lined walk and up those iron stairs of the Stoddard House. To name the authors who have visited there would be to enumerate a long, long list. And there in that little home, quiet and retired, and just away from the current of New York's rushing life, the aging couple are living out their tranquil years. And old friends and companions who are still alive, and the host of friends and admirers among a younger generation, will unite in wishing them a long continuance of their happiness.

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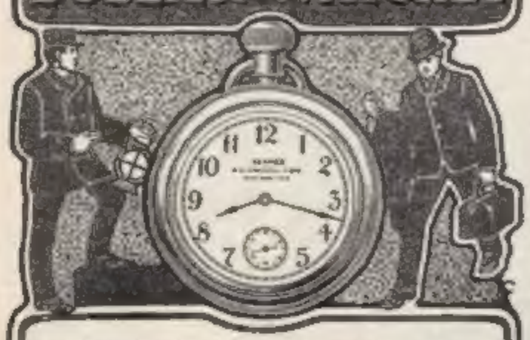

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Military Methods in the Training of Boys

CONDITIONS incident to the home of to-day make the training of a boy a vastly more difficult matter than it was in the days of chores and simpler living. And in these strenuous times, when business and society are alike insatiate in their demands, it becomes a serious problem, especially after a boy feels that he has outgrown the "apron string" period, to find time for the careful direction of his development.

The result is a demand for some means of supplementing home discipline.

To the school that teaches mathematics, languages and science we intrust the training of our boys' minds. Why can we not, then, questions the modern parent, commit the training of their character to some school that will teach them also perseverance, system and respect for authority?

An increasing number of secondary schools are adopting the military system as a medium for supplying this demand far better, in the education of boys in their teens, than the training to be derived from books alone.

The important question is, of course, whether or not the soldier's discipline is an effective means to the desired end.

It has been the writer's experience that the military system, when properly used, fulfills better than any other mode of school discipline the condition of being to character what study is to mind and exercise to physique.

Unfortunately the military feature is sometimes adopted merely for popularity, the substantial part of it is neglected, and occasionally the fear of being too rigorous and of scaring away students, or the groundless apprehension of making machines of them, has reduced the system to a flimsy thing unproductive of results.

But the trumpet call of the true military academy seems to strike a chord of cooperation and willingness that does not ordinarily respond to the tap of the pedagogic bell.

The cadet in the cavalry squad, dismounting and mounting his galloping horse, picking up the hat, jumping hurdles and performing the various feats of horsemanship, learns to persevere at the same time that he learns to ride, and increases in courage and physical endurance.

The cadet in the infantry company, responding to orders with snap and vim, and executing the movements of the drill with clock-like precision, learns to be attentive and to master details as well as to drill. And in both instances the desirable qualities have been interestingly imparted.

No matter how bright a boy may be, he is benefited by studying in the atmosphere of a school and under skillful guidance; similarly, no matter how exemplary in conduct he may be, he is helped by being taught economy of time, efficiency and self-reliance.

The scope of the school, therefore, that recognizes the training of character as an especial branch of education and that provides the means for this training is a broad one. If, then, the military system is indeed the best medium of discipline for boys, it is more than probable that the military academy will be the secondary school of the near future.

—L. R. GIGNILLIAT.

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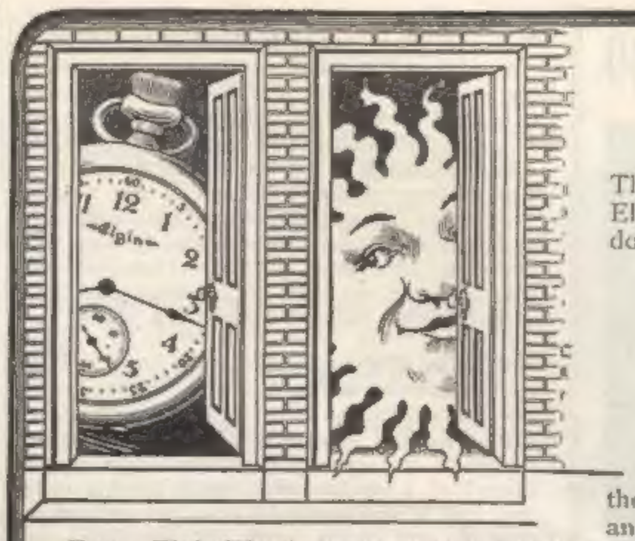

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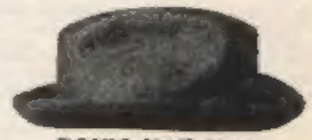

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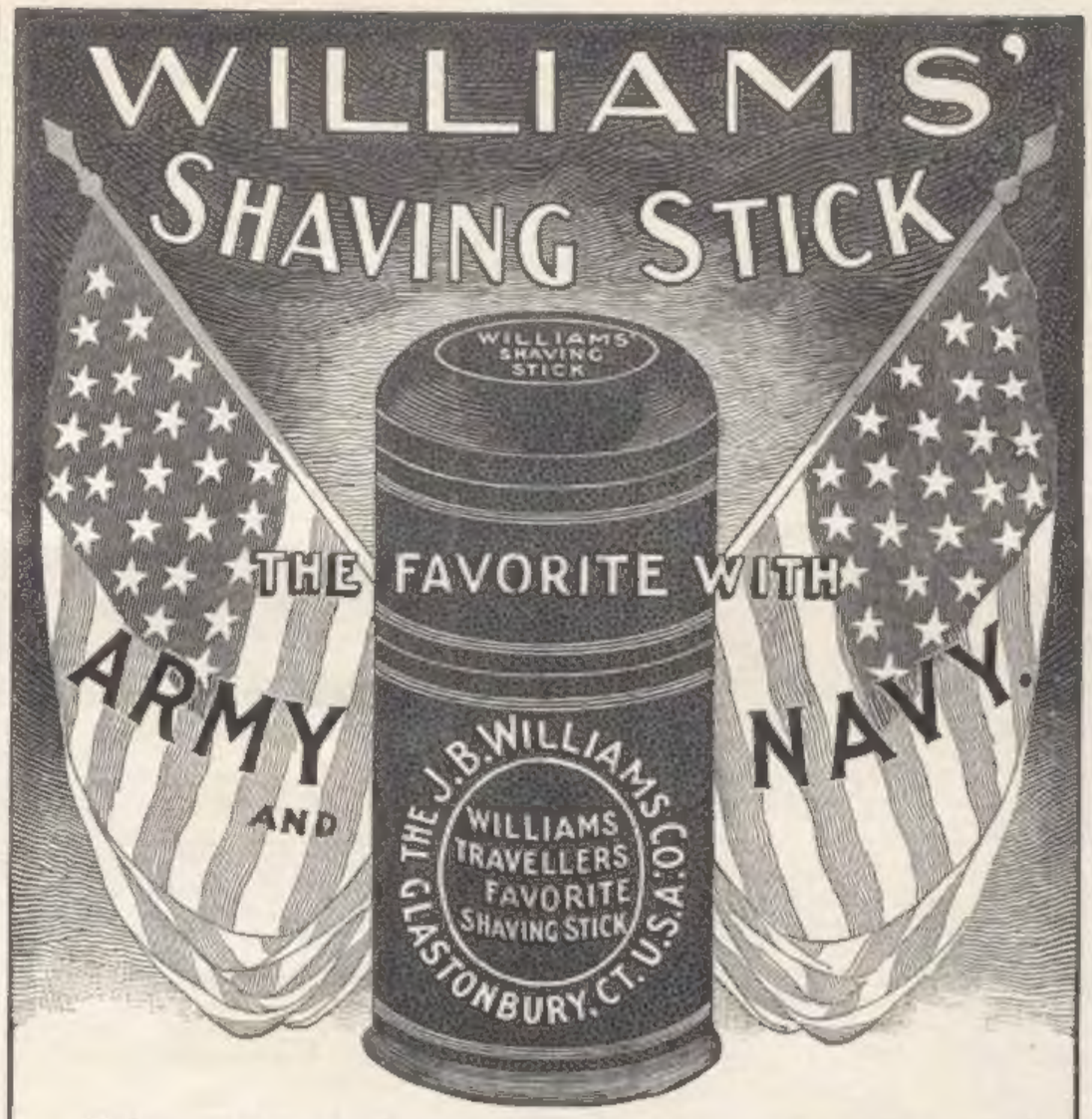

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